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Saturday Review

July 1, 1967 35¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

BEYOND VIETNAM:

WHAT HAS SCIENCE TO SAY TO MAN?

BY JOHN LEAR

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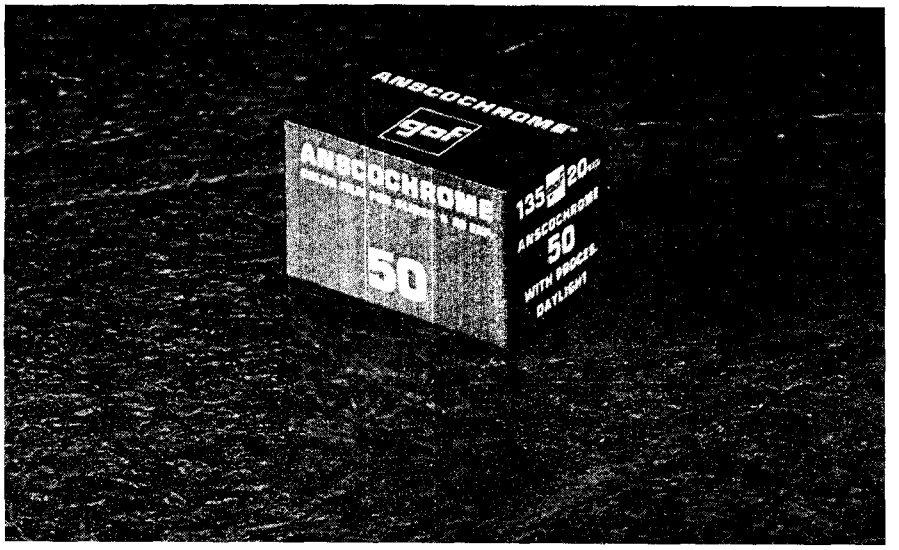

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Saturday Review
July 1, 1967

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SR: Ideas

10 Does Man Really Want Peace? by Nels F. S. Ferré
13 Classics Revisited: *Tom Jones,* by Kenneth Rexroth
14 The U.N. Summit: A guest editorial by Clark M. Eichelberger

SR: Science

37 Beyond Vietnam: What Has Science to Say to Man? A symposium chaired by John Lear. Contributors: John W. Gardner, J. Herbert Hollomon, S. F. Singer, Edward Wenk, Jr., William D. Lotspeich, M.D., Donald J. Belcher, Urie Bronfenbrenner, Ivar Oxaal, E. F. Fennessy, Jr., J. A. Russo, Jr., R. H. Ellis, Holmes Welch.

SR: Books

17 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks
17 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

4 First of the Month: Cleveland Amory
6 Trade Winds: Herbert R. Mayes
8 State of Affairs: Henry Brandon
9 Top of My Head: Goodman Ace
15 Letters to the Editor
16 *SR* Recommends
18 Literary Crypt
24 Literary I.Q.
29 Wit Twister No. 14
30 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton
32 World of Dance: Walter Terry
33 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon
34 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin
35 Movies: Arthur Knight
36 The Theater: Henry Hewes
56 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1734

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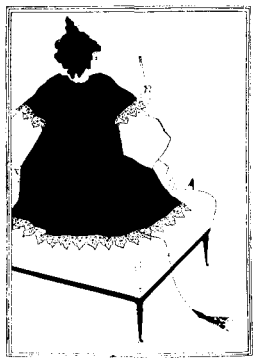

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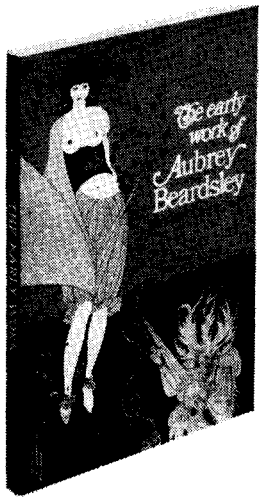

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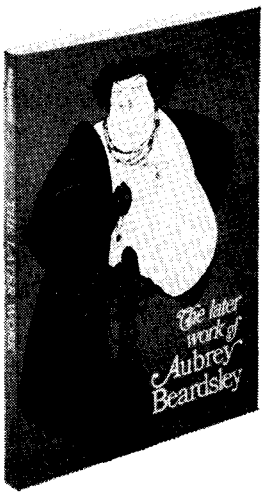

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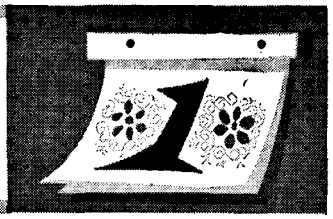
First of the Month



JUNE was the month of the Israeli Army and the hot line, of Moshe Dayan and Yitzhak Radin, of the Wailing Wall and the *U.S.S. Liberty*, of Dorothy Parker and Spencer Tracy, of Pamela Frankau and Ted Yates.

One thing was certain in the face of the brilliant, spine-tingling victories of the Israeli Army—and that was the loss of face elsewhere. And if the Russians, next to the Arabs, seemed to have lost the most, a close second was the U.S. State Department—with the incredible statement of "State Department spokesman" Robert McCloskey that the United States "is neutral in thought, word, and deed." By the same token, we suppose, the Department of Defense was hearing no evil, seeing no evil, and speaking no evil.

• • •

In any case, the scoop of the month was in the Republican Congressional Committee *Newsletter*—one which pointed out the 1968 budget for the State Department's "exchange programs." These programs included such items as $10,161 to teach track and field to the Libyans, $5,027 to teach track and field to the Finns, $1,848 for a National League umpire to teach umpiring to the Netherlands Antilles, and $1,299 to a Chicago professor of chemistry to teach volleyball to Poland. But the real clincher was the employment of a New Jersey swimming coach to instruct the swimming team of—now get this—the United Arab Republic! Gee, the way we figured it, by the time that man gets there, they won't have any place left to swim.

• • •

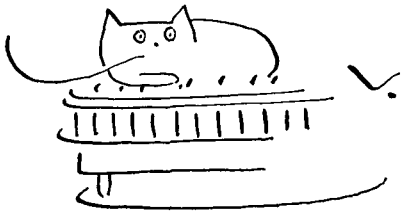
The least surprised, perhaps, were people who had visited Israel in the past few years—people fortunate enough to have seen, at first hand, not only the dedication and discipline of the Israelis but also their determination to be both properly prepared and properly equipped. On our own trip, for example, we recall visiting a battlefield of the '56 war at Safed, in upper Galilee. Here, our guide told us, so under-equipped were the Israelis that during one battle, their officers told them that every bullet would have to account for an Arab. After the battle they toted up the score—100 dead Arabs, 102 bullets.

• • •

The ramifications of it all had their amusing side — particularly from the prognosticators. *The Kiplinger Letter*, for example, appeared on Monday morning, June 5, with the flat prediction that, in the Middle East, there would be no war. Meanwhile, in Philadelphia, Joseph Dever reported that a young lady there was so upset with the news of war that on Monday morning, when the market opened, she phoned her broker. He advised her to get out of every stock she had except Philadelphia Electric. "That," he told her, "will always be good." The next day the Israeli Army had won and the stock market had recovered—but within the hour Philadelphia Electric had had a total blackout.

• • •

The visit of the month was that of the King and Queen of Thailand. In *Time* magazine he was King Bhumibol. In *The New York Times*, on the other hand, he was King Phumiphol. His Queen, however, was, we were relieved to see, in both places Queen Sirikit. In any case, the day we met them their entourage included, among others, Grand Chamberlain Mr. Poonperm Krairiksh; the Physician to His Majesty, Col. Mom Luang Chinda Snidvongse; as well as His Majesty's Private Photographer, an Official Photographer, and two official camera-



men, one of whom, it was stated, was "Army TV." Well, we suppose, these days an army fights not on just its stomach but on its TV. Anyway, our favorite of all was Miss Diba Sorakul. Her title: Maid to the Lady-in-Waiting. Gee, and over here you can't even get babysitters.

• • •

During the month we attended a one-day writer's conference at the University of Cincinnati—one which was sponsored by a digest magazine, *Writer's Digest*, but which turned out, nonetheless, to be the largest conference ever held, at least judged by its proportion of writers (i.e., staff) to would-be-writers (i.e., conferees). Speaking for the novel were Vance Bourjaily, Robert Gover, Gerald Green, Arthur Hailey, Rona Jaffe, Ken McCormick, Patricia McGerr, Merle Miller, Harry Mark Petrakis, Irving Shulman, Jerome Weidman, and Milton White; speaking for nonfiction, Bill Adler, Charles Bernard, Grant Cannon, Richard Gehman, Hayes Jacobs, Don McKinney, Victor Navasky, Kirk Polking, Ken Purdy, Ray Robinson, Al Silverman, and Maurice Zolotow. Paul Engle, Herbert Gold, and other leading writers also participated, along with such "specialists" as Rod Serling. *Esquire* publisher Arnold Gingrich concluded the affair with a brilliant address.

Mention should also be made of the start of the conference, when we were greeted by Walter Langsam, president of the University of Cincinnati. "Four of our fourteen colleges," he told us, "are the oldest colleges west of the Alleghenies. Thank heavens for the Alleghenies."

• • •

And, finally, it was a month of notable deaths—of TV's Ted Yates, who loved to live dangerously, and so died; of Pamela Frankau, who wrote for so long so well on so many subjects; of Spencer Tracy, who may be remembered for his comedies with Katharine Hepburn but who should be remembered for *Captains Courageous* and for being the "Prince of Underplayers"; and of Dorothy Parker. The funeral of the latter opened and closed with a violin solo of Bach's Air for the G String. In between there were short speeches by Zero Mostel and Lillian Hellman. "It was Dorothy's express wish," said Mostel, "that there be no funeral ceremonies. If she had her way, I suspect she would not be here at all." Lillian Hellman was unforgettably moving. "She was part of nothing and nobody but herself," she said. "Her wit stayed in no place and was of no time." Miss Hellman also said that she felt "Dorothy looking over my shoulder now," and that "she didn't like to be around when other people were telling her jokes."

We thought at the funeral of our last talk with Dorothy, about her poetry, and how she had told us that in World War II she had given it up— because, she said, she had gone as far with it as she could. Her last poem, and the poem she loved best, was—as always with her work—as applicable today as it was when, in World War II, she wrote it. It is called "War Song":

Soldier, in a curious land,
All across a swaying sea,
Take her smile and lift her hand,
Have no guilt of me . . .

Only for the nights that were,
Soldier, and the dawns that came,
When in sleep you turn to her,
Call her by my name.

One woman came to the funeral from Philadelphia. "I didn't really know her," she told us, "but from the time I first read her I felt I did."

—CLEVELAND AMORY.

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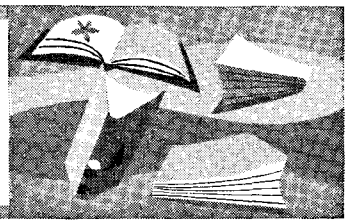

Knopf has just published *In Search of Light.* Edited by Edward Bliss, Jr., it is a collection of broadcasts and speeches made during his lifetime by Edward R. Murrow, chiefly during the years 1938-1961. The price is $6.95. Unreservedly compelling, it is worth *any* price. Don't miss it.

Hypnotized, one watched and listened to the proceedings of the U.N. Security Council during the recent days of the Israeli-Arab conflict. It was squalid history in the making. Not since the world began has the word *liar* so often been spewed out. Not since it began has at least a portion of the world been able to view so clearly the vulgar machinations of presumed statesmen, presumed men of character and dignity. One shook one's head in disbelief. One's mind was overwhelmed with despair.

It is speech that is supposed to differentiate man from beast, to be his highest accomplishment and attribute. How many of us must wonder if that is so, after hearing some of those ruthless delegates—if there is any difference at all. Those speeches I heard during the week of June 4, so reminiscent of Hitler's at their worst, made me cringe with shame. Had I not had this column to write, I would have ambled over to the zoo in Central Park, and gazed at the animals there, and felt cleaner and more comfortable.

All of that vicious guff was history so vividly before us that, whatever faults may be attributed to normal television, this facet of its public service is stupendous and there is nothing like it or in any way equal to it. Yet only when all the proceedings are in print, in the years ahead, if there are any; when the speeches and points of order are neatly laid out in the pages of the indispensable book, as Murrow's are; when with whatever form the world has taken and its lands and areas of political influence are redistributed—only then will the enormity of what is going on now be fully and truly assessable.

It is just about 500 years since Johann Gensfleisch, whom we know better as Gutenberg, invented the kind of type that has made books possible. It is from it, and them, that history will be, not made, but evaluated.

"There are at the present time two great nations in the world—the Russians and the Americans. The American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends and gives free scope to the unguided exertions and common sense of the people. The Russian centers all authority of society in a single arm. The principal instrument of the former is freedom; of the latter, servitude. Their starting point is different, and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems marked by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe."

That was written by Alexis de Tocqueville, in 1835.

Between U.N. sessions, there was opportunity to turn from world turmoil to turmoil at home. I managed to finish *Rivers of Blood, Years of Darkness,* by Robert Conot. The story of the Watts disaster in Los Angeles, from the moment of its inception to its conclusion, based on many hundreds of personal interviews conducted for a period of nine months and an analysis of every pertinent document, it is presented on an almost hour-by-hour basis; and, though it is crammed with incredible detail, I had not a minute of boredom. The book is scheduled for release on August 1, by Bantam. Price: 95 cents. If you have any influence, you, too, may be able to snitch a copy in advance.

Mrs. F. Lansing Stebbins of Elizabeth, New Jersey, perhaps aware that I enjoy specimens of literary lapses, refers to Robinson Crusoe, who has decided to swim to the shipwreck to recover supplies: ". . . so I pulled off my clothes for the weather was hot to extremity, and took to the water. . . . I went to the bread room and filled my pockets with bisquit."

And, in Eugene O'Neill's *Where the Cross Is Made,* Mrs. Lansing reminds us that, though Nat Bartlett's right arm has been amputated at the shoulder, "he goes to the table, turning the lantern low, and sits down, resting his elbows, his chin on his hands, staring somberly before him."

When you have finished the current Double-Crostic, try to make sense out of this sentence, written to a colleague by the senior certification analyst of the State of California Department of Education: "The State Board of Education is willing to consider a Master of Arts degree in teaching a subject such as English providing the degree for the master's degree contains the same amount

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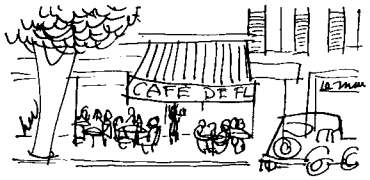
of course work as a degree in that subject as offered by the institution."

Where the Stork Club once did business on East 53rd Street there now is a pocket park, the space and waterfall and benches given to the public through the generosity of William S. Paley, of CBS. One can lounge there, and think or snooze, or read a book.

It was inside the building that once occupied the premises that a book was *written*. Because the Club—actually a restaurant—included among its patrons the best known actors and authors and government officials and society folk of the day, it seemed a logical setting for a major crime, and I decided to commit it. With the permission of the late Sherman Billingsley, I assigned Vera (*Bedelia*) Caspary the task of writing a novel. By virtue of much persuasion and a little pressure, it was possible to



use as characters, and to identify by name, many of the club's patrons. Day after day, night after night, Miss Caspary lived in the establishment, came to know every cranny of its several floors, and the result was *The Stork Club Murders*. I thought it was great and that I had gotten my money's worth. With the public, it was an unmitigated bust.

Fortunately for Billingsley, Missouri's Senator Edward Long was not active in that period. On the top floor—rigidly controlled by Mr. B.—he would have found an electrical contraption that recorded every word said by everybody dining in the main room and Cub Room downstairs. All Billingsley had to do was press a button, and whatever was being said at table 50, for example, reached him loud and clear. It was thus that he came to know who his friends were!

Miss Caspary did not mention the device. She knew on which side her bread was buttered; also, on which side her head would be battered.

—Herbert R. Mayes.

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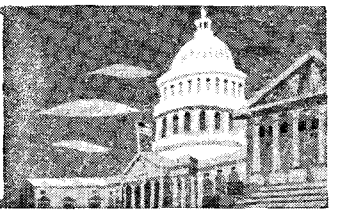
State of Affairs



Middle East Aftermath

WASHINGTON.

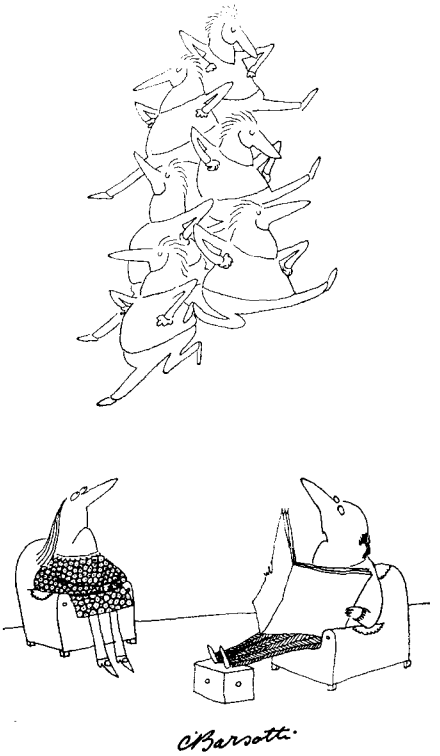
ISRAEL WON the war, but can it now win peace? In the old days such a crushing and clearcut victory would have resulted in Israel's dominating the area. But a Jewish Empire from the Nile to the Euphrates, which many Arabs fear, is not practical in our time. The problem, therefore, is how to exchange the fruits of total victory for long-term security for Israel, since the two earlier victories in 1948 and 1956 led only to a precarious and unstable situation culminating in last month's war.

A great responsibility rests with the United States and the Soviet Union. If both would admit that their past policies in the Middle East have been ill-conceived and ill-advised, if the Arabs would not treat the Israelis as a foreign body in their midst, and if they and Israel would try to overcome their mutual insulation, there might be some hope for the future. The negotiations will be difficult and may last a year or more. The Arabs are now expressing defiance to overcome the humiliation of defeat, and the Russians are trying to compensate for their crushing setback by at least escalating their promises for the future to the Arabs, but more common sense could develop once everybody begins to face the hard facts of the situation.

For some time now there has been a faint groping between Washington and Moscow for a *pax-Russo-Americana.* The idea is usually referred to as "bridge building," and, as such, was reflected in the limited agreement on nuclear testing, the consular treaty, in sending an East-West trade bill to Congress, and in the attempt to enlist Soviet help in bringing North Vietnam to the conference table. None of these moves has gone very far. Now a settlement is needed to secure peace in the Middle East. It is the greatest opportunity so far to test the extent to which the United States and the Soviet Union could work with, rather than against, each other toward this goal. For if the two agreed on certain basic aims, both the Israelis and the Arabs would gradually have to come into line.

For a brief moment during last month's fighting, the Kremlin was afraid that the United States might intervene, but the United States was about as anxious as the Russians to stay out of this war, and when Nasser tried to induce the Soviet Union to intervene by claiming United States and British aircraft had joined in the fight, the Russian press was careful to ignore this lie, and Mr. Kosygin was the first to use the "hot line" with Washington. Can this recognition of the basic reality at the height of the crisis now be translated to promote a promising long-term settlement after the crisis? Can the Russians resist rearming the Arabs again to the teeth? Will they draw the appropriate lesson from the humiliation they suffered through Nasser's recklessness?

IT would certainly be difficult, if not impossible, to reach some sort of direct understanding between Washington and Moscow on how to proceed with the settling of the peace. But if the Soviets at least press the Arabs on the point that they must accept Israel's existence and must also work toward a peace treaty, then within this framework a great deal could be achieved by direct negotiations between the Arabs and the Israelis and by the United Nations in creating a new *cordon sanitaire* which cannot be simply withdrawn by a precipitous move of the Secretary General.



"I don't know either, but they certainly seem friendly enough."

There is now a great disequilibrium in weapons between the Arabs and the Israelis. The Arabs are faced with a major re-equipping of their armed forces which is bound to be very expensive. Is there a possibility of placing some sort of arms limitations on the area? It has never worked yet, and therefore the hopes that it will succeed in this case are minimal, but at least an attempt should be made.

ONE hopeful conclusion to be drawn from this most recent engagement stems from the fact that the kinds of modern arms the United States and the Soviet Union now produce need a technological base which only highly developed countries can achieve. Israel obviously is technologically advanced enough, but the Arab countries are not, nor are most of the African states. To develop that kind of base in countries which are still struggling to improve their basic economic subsistence level will take a long time. Inefficiency, poor training, and bad generalship also derive from technological backwardness, though national characteristics cannot be discounted as a contributory factor. Also "the Arabs" are not the collective unity their name suggests. Pan-Arabism is about as much a myth as pan-Slavism. This means that Israel is likely to remain the stronger force for a long time to come, that it would be to the advantage of both to have a stable peace.

The United States, in trying to keep Israeli territorial gains to a minimum, is going to base its position on the Tripartite Declaration which commits the United States to the support of the "territorial integrity of all the nations of the area." Only minor rectifications which would materially improve Israeli security, the State Department says, will be acceptable. But the Tripartite Declaration is really a dead letter. The British have said so publicly, and so have the French. The United States, by having declared itself at one point "neutral in thought, word, and deed," has also thrown doubt on the importance attached to it here. The doubt in Israel is even greater. Nor can the Arabs feel reassured by the way the Soviet Union behaved toward them.

In short, both American and Soviet policies in the Middle East are bankrupt. Both need reconsideration. Perhaps Ambassador Averell Harriman or McGeorge Bundy, whom the President appointed to lead a task force to develop a new policy, should also be given the opportunity to find out from the Russians, after they have made all the propaganda noises to cover up their injured "credibility," what prospects there are of avoiding another big-power confrontation in the Middle East.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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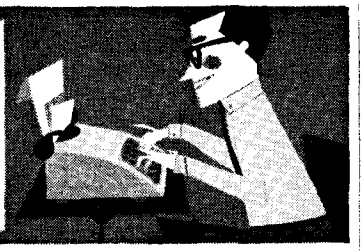
Top of My Head



Fireworks

CAN YOU identify these lines?

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more!
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No? Well, perhaps a couple of lines from the first of the four stanzas:

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?

As we approach the Fourth of July weekend a little flag-waving seems to be in order. This may turn out as corny as Kansas in August, but I have an abiding sentiment toward this song, which I learned to sing in first grade. Of course I sang it then: "Oh say can you see when the morn's nearly light?"

Since I had a shrill soprano voice it was not difficult for Miss Connely to signal out the blasphemer. I became an unwilling soloist, daily singing that first line before the class till I got it right. A matter of only two weeks. I can still hear the bravos from my schoolmates when I made it. Except for one small girl who the rest of that year referred to me as "Stupid." Lucky for me she skipped second grade and went to third. We never met again. Until some years later; we were married.

Oh, say can you see. . . .

Francis Scott Key wrote the four stanzas of "The Star-Spangled Banner." But it was his brother-in-law (nepotism), Judge J. S. Nicholson, who suggested it be sung to the tune of "To Anacreon in Heaven."

By the dawn's early light. . . .

Legend has it that Mrs. Betsy Ross sewed the first flag at the request of a committee composed of George Washington, Robert Morris, and George Ross, Betsy's uncle. (Nepotism.) Of course, there is always that picture which comes to mind of Mrs. Ross sitting at her spinning wheel making the flag. (I always get this picture confused with Whistler's mother. But that's a personal problem.)

What so proudly we hailed. . . .

Later—much later—like now—our flag has tragically not been hailed so proudly. Protestors, both here and abroad, of our government's foreign policy have publicly set fire to our flag.

While burning our flag is a crime, the penalty has varied in all our states—fines as low as $50. But a protestor who doesn't want to conform doesn't have to desecrate anything. Not our flag, for heaven's sake! If he feels unhappy, for $50 he can park illegally three times. And have $5 left over for some protest buttons, and to print some placards.

At the twilight's last gleaming. . . .

Flag-burning has become international. In Paris a Frenchman burns an American flag. Not to be outdone, one of our patriots burns a French flag. It's as if a man displeased with the steak his wife burns breaks the dish she served it in. To get even, she breaks a cup and saucer. He breaks a salad dish. She breaks a dessert dish. Soon they are out of dishes.

Whose broad stripes and bright stars. . . .

Just so soon will we be out of flags. Then, out of countries. And that could lead to shooting at each other. And finally we shall all be out of enemies.

Thru the perilous fight. . . .

If a Frenchman is unhappy with our government he can just as easily burn something else American—a hot dog, or a copy of *Playboy*. Similarly, an American who is irate at the Frenchman's display of Gallic emotion can burn a *crêpe suzette*—or a French postcard.

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming. . . .

This is the flag which once we hailed as it streamed across Flanders Field, and into Hitler's Reich, and which was so gallantly flown by free men at Iwo Jima for all the world to see.

The rhetorical musical question is not whether the Star-Spangled Banner yet waves o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. It's how brave you are to burn a flag in a land so free.

—GOODMAN ACE.

méxico

So foreign... yet so near

Mexico's southern states, Oaxaca and Chiapas, are rich in handicraft, folklore, archeological marvels. Oaxaca's dead cities, Monte Alban and Mitla, are outstanding examples of pre-Columbian culture. Saturdays, Indians display their wares in city markets, including gold filigree, fabrics, pottery, engraved cutlery. Chiapas, a day's drive further south, has stupendous relics of Maya civilizations at Palenque and Bonampak. Its women are strikingly handsome. Costumes and regional dances in both states are gay and colorful.

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Saturday Review
July 1, 1967

Does Man Really Want Peace?

War, like religion, serves basic psychological needs, says an eminent theologian. Can we find a faith that can overcome both meaninglessness and the will to combat?

By NELS F. S. FERRE

WAR IS A SYMPTOM of human unhappiness. Greed, race prejudice, religious fanaticism, narrow nationalism—all occasion war but do not cause it. They are important contributing factors that touch off conflict, and they provide the stereotypes by which nations rationalize and whip up war fervor. To justify fighting, the state usually also ties in religion in some form. War becomes a noble cause, say, for man's God-given right to freedom (or whatever), and into the cause are then subtly interwoven such secondary interests as economic advantage, national prestige, or racial hatreds.

Subconsciously, however, without even wanting to admit it to themselves, men court war to escape meaninglessness and boredom, to be relieved of fear and frustration. War becomes an intensification, qualitatively transformed, of our craze for sports, the magnification of our *abuse* of sports. A man who experiences no genuine satisfaction in life does not want peace. William James deplored man's inability to find a moral equivalent for war. Nothing awakens man's deepest devotion or focuses his concentrated energies as does war. Did peace ever engender a similar sustained and genuine passion?

A prescription for peace, therefore, must encompass two levels. The immediate need is to procure a viable basis for cease-fires and negotiations and for practicable arrangements for erecting and protecting the conditions for peace. Without practical arrangements for settling a conflict all general prescriptions are irrelevant. But if the deeper causes of war are meaninglessness and boredom, fear and frustration, multiplied by crowd psychology—itself intensified by modern means of mass communication—no number of concrete settlements will make peace. Practical arrangements allow only for lulls in fighting. New enemies and new causes will arise as soon as man recovers from his exhaustion and war-weariness. Therefore a full prescription for peace must aim at letting and making man want it. It must face the fact that men, more than we like to think, do not want peace.

Just as the final justification for war always becomes religious in quality, so the prescription for permanent peace must equally be religious. Even though they may not use religious language, those who rationalize war work themselves more and more into the dimensions of man's depth-experience. Are there religious resources fundamental enough to cure these underlying causes attendant on meaninglessness and to provide the positive basis for peace? If war is basically generated in human nature under our present historic circumstances, it is there that our prescription for peace must also begin.

A life without meaning occasions boredom, fear, and frustration. Meaninglessness is not a coordinate but a basic term; thus, although the other terms can hardly be reduced to it in concrete situations, the best medicine for man's malady of not wanting peace is faith. Faith at its simplest and strongest is affirmation of meaning. To deny or to avoid meaningfulness is lack of faith; to accept and to affirm meaning is faith. Meaningfulness in this sense is the living by and for some purpose. It is the feeling of some sense of the why of life; and as Nietzsche puts it, he who knows the why of life can stand almost any how. Boredom, fear, and frustration at their depths arise from inadequate meaning or from a lack of the realization of it. They spring from lack of faith and from failure to attain an adequate faith. Thus man's deepest enemies of peace call for a faith that is adequate and realizable.

PERHAPS the most difficult task today is to make it clear to nonreligious modern man that all must live inescapably by faith. Life cannot go on without some affirmation of meaning. To live is to choose, and all choice involves meaning. To be sure, faith may involve no more than a vague acceptance of life, just to go on. Or it may mean Camus's deliberate acceptance of life because it is absurd; Sartre's finding meaning in the choosing of a concrete way of loyalty even though all roads lead equally nowhere; Heidegger's Buddhistic authen-

Dr. Nels F. S. Ferré, who was born in Sweden, taught for twenty years at Andover Newton Theological School, where he was Abbot professor of Christian theology. He now is scholar-in-residence at Parsons College. Westminster published his *A Theology for Christian Education* this spring, and this fall will publish a U.S. edition of his *The Living God of Nowhere and Nothing.*

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tic existence in the face of death, i.e., nirvana as true "suchness" in the face of final meaninglessness; Tillich's power for existence and for harmony of existence in the midst of the devastations of nonbeing and the demonic; the Old Testament trust in the everlasting arms; surrender to the inscrutable will of Allah; or the incredible New Testament assurance that all things work for good within the love of God.

HAVING faith, then, is no option. All who live have faith. The question is, which faith? Weizsäcker, in his Gifford Lectures, "The Relevance of Science," charges that man's old religions died in the twentieth century, if not before. Men may even now confess Christianity in the West and other major religions in the East, but, West and East, educated man in fact worships science. Science has a creed, a cult, and a community. The creed is the scientific method, constantly proved (as man assumes!) by man's general acceptance of technology; the cult has both a priesthood of scientists who can read the esoteric scriptures of scientific formulae that common man takes for granted to be true, and a worldwide community of modern confessors of the final authority of science.

Science has occasioned a faith, turned into scientism, which constitutes the religion of modern man. All other faiths are called before the bar of science and found wanting. But now suddenly science itself is proved a god with feet of clay, impotent to make man choose his own salvation and to control his own weapons of destruction. The crumbling of scientism as man's modern faith is our deepest cause of present meaninglessness.

Modern man has tasted too much of the general flavor of science to return to the traditionalistic faiths. Is there, then, some other faith that can be open and objective like science but which can deliver man from self-destruction? Can man find a higher and fuller faith within which to use science constructively? Can man discover an open-ended truth to which he can commit himself genuinely?

The only meaning for faith that is large enough for peace is now a common meaning. Such is the case not only because we now face the concrete problems of effecting a world civilization; this claim is true also because full faith must also satisfy universal man. Just as there is no Chinese, American, Buddhist, or Christian cure for cancer, so there is no final religious cure except for man as man. Faith can never be proved and remain faith; finite man can never possess the perspective and the power of his Source of significance and reality, but he can open himself in life and study to a *warranted* faith. Faith, while remaining faith, need not be an arbitrary faith. Even though faith finally, as choice of life's presuppositions – its directive meanings—has ultimately to be life's daring affirmation, that faith can also become precisely *warranted*.

Perhaps we can put the case like this: Man must live by faith, since to affirm meaning is to have faith, and life itself consists in choices of meanings. Yet man need have no particular faith. The very varieties of faith show that he is free to create and to choose his faith. The value and reality of his faith, however, are revealed by the consequences of his choices in personal life and human history. Contemporary man may have to become post-Christian, post-Jewish, post-Buddhist, and post-any-concrete-religion except as it is completely open to universal truth in the sense of the fullest and most competent interpretation and directive of experience. Faith man must have, but postscientific believers must find a *warranted* faith.

Can man find such a faith? I believe so. To be sure, such a faith cannot become knowledge. It can never be proved. Even though knowledge can never take the place of faith, we remember, faith must do the fullest justice possible to the problems knowledge poses. Faith cannot both remain faith and also have all the answers, but unless faith can propose answers that point as fully as knowledge can at some locus or some direction of solution, faith cannot be deemed *warranted*.

I believe that concerned commitment, as response to reality, or love's commitment to meet as far as possible all human needs, is our only answer to man's search for peace, the precondition for effective peace today and precisely the cure for his aversion to peace. A faith for one world can be founded on nothing less than universal concern. The whole of man must be involved—not solely his

"Have you seen a little brass stick, about six inches long?"

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intellect—and be involved positively.

Perhaps man's most important affirmation of meaning right now is to let his interests mature until they grow all-inclusive. He must realize his humanity in community with other selves, and, in Jaspers's terms, obtain his very existence by reunion with the divine ground of all existence. Rousseau once started a passionate search for the will of All. He roused the will of many; what an enormous power in history he had! What is the will of All, deepest down, except Common Concern? This will of All, Common Concern, is based on that deepest need of man to be rightly related to the whole world, to the human, the natural, and the historic. At his depth man is universal in his potential nature, and I doubt not that his potential nature is his most proper nature.

But such a relationship, to all men and to their total environment, granting man's freedom, is a responsibility that puts demands on each person and on each community. The demand of duty within the will of All, however, is precisely to be concerned before and beyond duty. Such concern, moreover, engendered ultimately within the Common Concern, cannot be for the individual as such or for local and limited interests. It must be for all individuals *and* for all local interests, as far as relevant, but within their own organic inclusion within the common good.

Even an extreme existentialist like Sartre understands that man abuses his freedom unless he uses it for the common good. If it is a question of freedom, then, Sartre holds, the freedom in question must be the freedom for all. If it is a question of opportunity, then opportunity must be afforded all. If it is a demand for democracy, then the demand must be for universal democracy and for democracy in all areas of life.

The main problem, however, is to secure effective motivation for universal meanings. A narrow faith seems far more effective in moving people concretely. Family pride and national honor engender motivation easily. Peace all too readily takes a back seat to pride. Since it is these narrow loyalties which occasion war, within the situation of man's sense of meaninglessness or dissatisfaction with life, a *warranted effective* faith must provide equivalent motivation for the universal good. Our problem centers at this point. What can constitute a genuine answer?

First of all, universal concern generated within Ultimate Concern includes all concrete legitimate loyalties and all distinctive historic heritages. Ultimate Concern is by nature universal interest, but in Ultimate Concern no abstractive universal is a substitute for the concrete interests which provide man's main motivation. The true universal man is no abstract generic man but rather the embodiment of whatever is common to man as man precisely within the richness of his concrete situations. Thus universal concern causes no loss of local loyalties; it occasions, *au contraire*, only a loss of the meaninglessness, boredom, fear, and frustration which make him put himself and his in-group in conflict with other groups. What such faith does is to dissolve man's feeling of overagainstness which occasions war and prevents peace.

THE faith that centers in universal concern as the meaning common to all men becomes increasingly open to all relevant needs. If one's need is to be left alone for the sake of privacy or for maturation, universal concern leaves the person or the group alone. If the need is for help, concern is not indifferent nor does it substitute good intention for concrete study and action. Such universal faith, courting common meaning, is concretely challenging and indefinitely open to ever-widening interests and far-reaching adventures. Nor does it experience the fears and frustrations that spring from self-protection and self-promotion.

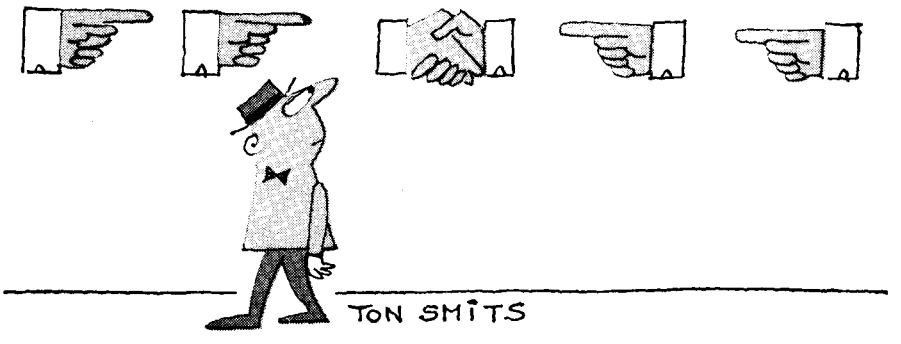
In a way, the secret of motivation for full meaningfulness is a new sense of self and of self-regard both for the person and for the nation. Selfishness and selflessness give way to *self-fulness*. There is a new sense of the inclusive or common self which only Ultimate Concern can give. The self and narrow national self-regard is more than sublimated within the larger interest, as it becomes effectively real through living, thinking, and acting. The common good now matches motivationally the common meanings. Genuine motivation cannot be forced. It cannot be bid. It balks at commitment. Authentic motivation accompanies genuineness of life. It comes from seeing oneself and the meaning of life truly. When faith *means* Ultimate Concern not only universal meaning but universal motivation ensues.

The how to be rests ultimately on what must be. The how to get motivation depends on what is the true nature of self and the world. Both meaning and motivation, therefore, come from faith. In order to become universal in meaning and motivation, or world-wide in thought and affection, man must experience a religious revolution. Before man can find the faith that delivers him from dread of peace and brings him the will to peace in terms of the adventuresome satisfaction of universal concern, there must be a radical religious revolution within which not only a few men but mankind turn from a narrow, fear-filled self-regard to a world-wide concern that is corrective, constructive, creative.

How can we bring about such a revolution? How can we find the new *noogenesis*, the new level of evolution, which Pierre Teilhard de Chardin held to be the critical focus of man's "need now within the long history of his evolution"? How can faith for modern, postscientific man become not only intellectually warranted but motivationally effective?

The answers to this question cut athwart our entire alignment or our total approach on the secondary so-called practical level. On this level we can still speak of a "satisfactory kill-ratio" in Vietnam; substitute, ever so subtly, NATO, SEATO, and similar military arrangements, for an effective espousal, revision, and implementation of the United Nations; or only mention incidentally man's best hope as man now, the supernational approach of world-law and world-reign (however then regionally delegated and made practicable) in even the best testimonies on Vietnam before Senator Fulbright's Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

The more immediate "practical" level of strategy and manipulation has its own inescapable history and must necessarily find appropriate answers on its own level. But all such copings with the presence and power of war are futile and fugitive if man cannot find and make peace on the deeper level where the vital meaning and pursuit of life can find adequate fulfillment within an effective and warranted faith. To find, to appropriate, and to cultivate such a universal faith in integrity within the Common Concern—rooting in the very reality of God, man, and all creation, and bearing the fruit of a viable, universal ethos—is man's essential prescription for peace.



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"Tom Jones"

By KENNETH REXROTH

TOM JONES has been compared to Ulysses and Huck Finn. Huck he somewhat resembles; Ulysses not at all. He is more like a compound of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, not a mixture but a chemical compound of antagonistic qualities and virtues which has produced a new being. You do not read far in the novel before you become aware that Henry Fielding is constructing a character to demonstrate a thesis. He is not preaching; Tom is not a dummy or a stereotype on which proofs are hung like clothes. On the contrary, the thesis is precisely his humanity, but Fielding's is a special vision of man, common enough now, especially in America, but strange to English fiction in his day.

If the novel were simply the portrayal of an ideal human type it would have soon become unreadable. It is, of course, an immense panorama of mid-eighteenth-century England, as populous as any novel of Tolstoy's or Dostoevsky's. Comparison, however, with a work like *War and Peace* immediately reveals a profound difference. The plot of *Tom Jones* is not a "real life" story but a fairy tale, a *Märchen,* disguised with realism. Nor are the subsidiary characters fleshed out like the minor characters of the major Russian novelists. Fielding carefully subordinates all other characters to Tom and Sophie in a graded series of realizations. The nearer and more important they are to the principals, the more complex they are, but they are never very complex.

Blifil and Squire Allworthy are scarcely more rounded than the characters of Ben Jonson's Theater of Humours. The minor figures are reduced to bare essentials, quickly drawn stereotypes. The fairy-tale plot is spun out and complicated endlessly but it never becomes complex. Its situations are simple. They are pervaded with a mocking double irony by the ambiguous comments of the omniscient author; the relations between the characters constantly lapse into farce. All this gives the book an air of quiet madness—life is seen in an imperceptibly warped mirror or through a telescope, with an abnormally sharp definition, the clarity and distortion of myth.

The plot and the thesis are one: Tom is that universal hero of folk tale and myth—the foundling prince, the king's son raised by wolves, Moses in the bullrushes, whose princely qualities shine out in all his acts and eventually determine events so that his true heritage is revealed. Fielding is defining a gentleman. The fact that many of the characters are as well or better born than Tom does not disturb the logic. They are the bad aristocrats. He is a natural gentleman—but not a noble savage, rather a noble fallen among savages; a savage noble, actually not a noble but a gentleman, quite a different concept from Rousseau's.

There is hardly an episode that does not demonstrate Tom's gentlemanliness. Fielding defines gentlemanliness as generosity of soul. Sin he may, but always for others' good. His relations with women are always motivated by the desire to please or help. When he is seduced by an old rip like Mrs. Waters, he responds with gratitude—the reaction of a generous man to generosity. This response overwhelms Mrs. Waters, and she responds at the crucial moment with a generosity that literally saves Tom's life.

Tom is the Good-Natured Man, but by this Fielding means more than his contemporaries meant by the eighteenth-century catch phrase—something very like the "human-heartedness" of Confucius. Several times Fielding interpolates little lectures on good nature that sound exactly like translations from the Chinese. Tom is very much the typical Chinese hero, and the novel could easily be restated in Chinese terms and setting. Not least of its Chinese characteristics is its decorum. Fielding wrote *Tom Jones* against the lachrymose soul-probing of Richardson's heroines, as a protest against bad manners.

FIELDING has been criticized again and again by a psychologistic age for his characters' total lack of interiority. Whenever they so much as reflect, the omniscient author makes fun of them and always points out that they are deluding themselves. This is part of the thesis—actions speak louder than words, and words than thoughts, especially about oneself.

When his characters become unruly—when they violate his special concept of the etiquette of human-heartedness—Fielding intrudes and admits that they are creations of his imagination and he can make them do as he wishes (and then usually comments that they have taken on a certain autonomy that escapes his control). This horrified Henry James, who considered it artistic treason and said he would be no more shocked to find such admissions in the histories of Gibbon and Macaulay. Of course Fielding's point—the double point of his double irony—is that it is precisely such personal historians who should make such admissions. Ultimately, the decorum of Brechtian alienation is a judgment on real, undecorous life.

The blubbery self-revelations of Richardson's novels, says Fielding, are lies. He would doubtless consider those of Proust or James lifelong evasions on the part of their authors. What he thought of the novel of objective revelation of character, of Defoe and his descendants, I do not know. The evidence is that Tom himself is patterned on Defoe—but the other characters not. Defoe, however, wrote false documents—novels presented as actual memoirs. Fielding did the opposite. As the novel approaches the conviction of reality Fielding always pulls the reader back—"this is not real." What is not real? Our judgments of "real life"? This is the essence of his irony. The omniscient author hoaxes the reader into believing *he* is omniscient and then pulls the throne from under him. Richardson, James, and Proust, on the other hand, really believed they had revealed the essences of human behavior.

Tom Jones is Fielding's conception of optimum man—but seen entirely from the outside. You feel, reflecting on the novel after long familiarity, that his imperviousness to probing and disinterestedness in self-probing was, to Fielding, an essential part of the optimum. Behind Rousseau's new and revolutionary concept of man at his best lies the inward-turning eye of Descartes's *cogito ergo sum.* Behind Fielding's Tom lies the clear and definite external sense data of John Locke, but he is an equally revolutionary type of person. Out of one came the endless self-questioning, Continental, radical, intellectual. Out of the other came the active, pragmatic man of whom Jefferson is probably the best exemplar—if the truth be told, a man who probably resembled Tom in more ways than one.

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The U. N. Summit

Editor's note: *The author of the following guest editorial is the director of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace.*

THE BASIC reason for the seriousness of the crisis confronting the United Nations is the absence of a sense of moral unity. The U.N. has met other crises: Korea, the Middle East in 1956, and the Congo; but in each case a majority of members had some sense of moral unity and purpose. Not so as the present General Assembly opened. The reasons must be understood.

The Great Powers that were given a privileged position in the Charter are possibly less united than at any time since the organization was set up. The Soviet Union continues to demand unity on its terms. The mercurial role of France, meaning General de Gaulle, permits ad hoc cooperation at most.

The United States, which gave leadership in most crises confronting the U.N., finds its moral position seriously weakened because of the war in Vietnam. The deployment of 400,000 American troops there and the bombing of North Vietnam, to most members of the U.N.—as to many Americans—go beyond what one could expect of this country in resisting aggression.

The basis on which the Soviet Union asked for an emergency session of the General Assembly is calculated to divide and confuse. A diplomatic offensive is being waged against Israel in order to cover Soviet diplomatic embarrassment and appease the defeated Arab states.

Contributing to the dangerous mood today, as was pointed out in *SR*'s editorial last week, is the demonstration that statesmen have been unable to link peacekeeping and peacemaking. The armistice agreements between Israel and the Arab states negotiated nineteen years ago have not been translated into permanent peace settlements. When the United Nations in 1956 persuaded Britain, France, and Israel to withdraw from Suez in favor of a U.N. peace force, Colonel Nasser was saved from humiliation. Unfortunately, permanent settlements were not demanded from him in return.

Finally, adding to the confusion are the many new states whose immediate concerns are economic relief, liquidation of colonialism, and apartheid. It is to them that the U.S.S.R. and the Arab states hope to appeal against Israel, the United States, and the U.K. on the fictitious charge of colonialism.

Even with all of these factors working against a concrete solution, the United Nations is invaluable. Where would the world be today if there were no point of concentration and vocal confrontation, no parliament where the nations would meet no matter how unwilling to contribute to a constructive solution?

One of three results could emerge from this Assembly: 1) There could be failure to arrive at a resolution, which could produce anarchy and frustration; 2) an unenforceable resolution might be adopted and passed on to the Security Council, under the procedure required by Article 11; or 3) a miracle might occur, unity develop, and constructive solutions be found.

Sensing this third possibility, the President of the General Assembly in his opening address quoted Shakespeare: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries." He concluded: "I hope that there will be no such lost opportunities here."

Positive results may well come out of a combination of the deliberation of the General Assembly and a summit conference going on in the wings. The Assembly is waiting for leadership. Who will be the spokesmen for the conscience of mankind; who dares to talk to the very powerful, to present resolutions of common sense, or to electrify the Assembly to an heroic mood?

The members must agree that what is needed is a bold plan for the Middle East that will lift the contending states out of the morass of bitterness to the beginning of mutual cooperation with the dignity of each preserved. A few ideas might be mentioned: Some years ago the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, research affiliate of the American Association for the United Nations, proposed the internationalization under the U.N. of international waterways. The universal application of such a principle might make the opening of the Suez Canal and the Gulf of Aqaba more palatable to the United Arab Republic. And many years ago, Eric Johnston produced for the U.N. a plan for a counterpart of the TVA on the Jordan.

Obviously, the Arab states must recognize Israel's right to peaceful existence and establish normal relations. In its strength, Israel can afford to make some dramatic proposals for coexistence with its neighbors, particularly Jordan. Military men are not given to generous gestures. Israeli statesmen should know that such gestures are now required. Louis Sohn proposed recently that Israel might adopt the Churchillian approach, in which he proposed union with France in 1940, and suggest a political and economic union with Jordan. Under such a union, territorial and refugee problems could be easily accommodated. Is there some way that Israel could propose internationalization of the Holy places?

The President of the General Assembly expressed the hope that the statesmen would not confine themselves to the specific item on the agenda, namely the Middle East, but would avail themselves of the unique opportunity of consulting on the various aspects and problems of peace. Such a consultation should include Vietnam; and certainly nonproliferation, since the Emergency Assembly opened simultaneously with China's explosion of a hydrogen bomb.

A favorable outcome of these consultations and debates could embolden the nations to give the U.N. the law and the power so badly needed. Why is this too much to hope for?

—Clark M. Eichelberger.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Human Rights and Nationalism

ARTHUR LARSON made a good point in his article, "The Real Nature of the World Revolution" [*SR*, June 3], by identifying the three world revolutions and the "fundamental misunderstanding" about the nature of the third: human rights.

I would like to see Mr. Larson enlarge upon the theme of human rights until it signifies something more than the right to employment, free speech, and assembly—namely, the right to develop spiritually. This right is too often overlooked by the economist, the sociologist, the philosopher, and even the theologian. . . . To save humanity, we need a new standard to give us a feeling of the potential nobility of the average human being.

CORA G. CHASE.

Vaughn, Wash.

THAT THERE are now more than 120-odd nation-states, and that much of colonial Afro-Asia has achieved nationhood, hardly means that the revolutionary effects of nationalism are spent. Nationalism is clearly not just nationhood. That would be tantamount to saying that because Europe largely achieved nationhood in the eighteenth century, nationalism has ceased to be a disruptive force in its politics.

Nationalism is not dead. And the United States and other powers cannot sanely ignore its continued manifestations.

JERRY M. TINKER.

Saigon, Vietnam

Good News from Tuscaloosa

I HAVE READ with keen interest and great appreciation N.C.'s editorial based upon his perceptions of the situation at the University of Alabama ["Visit to Tuscaloosa," *SR*, May 27]. Many of us in the South are very proud of the tremendous leadership of Dr. Frank Rose, who is one of the active factors in the work of the Southern Association. We appreciate recognition in *SR* of the developing strengths in Southern life and education.

FELIX C. ROBB,
Director, Southern Association of Colleges and Schools.

Atlanta, Ga.

AS I READ the daily papers, with their lurid news of deaths by violence and accident, of floods and destruction, of wars and rumors of war, I have often longed for the offsetting good news, of which there is much, told with equal drama and effectiveness.

N. C.'s editorial, "Visit to Tuscaloosa," more than meets that longing in all respects. Dr. Frank Rose and the University of Alabama, marching into the future well in advance of the loud-voiced reactionary elements of that great state, are an augury of the oncoming generation who can and will bring goodwill and a more generous humanity in the place of intolerance.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER.

Spokane, Wash.

"Al, when the return to elegance comes, I'm ready."

From Mrs. Wortman's Daughter

THE FAMILY of Doris Nash Wortman wishes to thank J.R.C. for his kind tribute to her ["Doris Nash Wortman, 1890-1967," *SR*, June 24] and to thank her many fans for their expressions of sympathy.

As the article states, her correspondence over the years was voluminous. We would like to see it preserved. Therefore we would appreciate receiving copies of any letters Mrs. Wortman has written, for possible future use. They should be sent to her secretary, Mrs. W. G. Burrows, care of E. B. Wortman, 3427 79th Street, Jackson Heights, New York 11372.

MRS. EDWARD C. PINKERTON.

Lutherville, Md.

School Book Depository

A FOOTNOTE to Jerome Beatty, Jr.'s item in TRADE WINDS, June 3: The Southwestern branch office of Harper & Row is, indeed, located in the Texas School Book Depository *and* it is very likely that on November 22, 1963, a quantity of *Profiles in Courage* was stored on the premises.

RAYMOND C. HARWOOD,
President, Harper & Row, Inc.

New York, N.Y.

Shayon and "The Crucible"

ROBERT LOUIS SHAYON should be congratulated on his meaningful criticism of the television version of *The Crucible* ["From Anxiety to Identity," *SR*, May 27]. Such writing lends dignity and substance to the play as well as to the television industry.

JOHN WILLIAM CALHOUN.

Fond du Lac, Wis.

Wit Twisting

I FIND the Wit Twister [introduced in *SR*, March 25] to be among your most enjoyable features. It is always so interesting, stimulating, and challenging . . . so challenging, in fact, that I keep trying to work out similar puzzles of my own.

HARRIET L. FRANKEL.

Princeton, N.J.

PLEASE KEEP the Wit Twisters coming. It is such satisfaction to work one of those when there is not time for the more complicated Double-Crostic.

(MRS.) WINIFRED MOOREHEAD.

Decatur, Ill.

I CONGRATULATE *SR* on the new department, Wit Twister. It maintains the high level of excellence I have come to expect from your magazine.

DAVID LENT.

Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

I AM SAVING my file of Wit Twisters and intend to use them at parties. Also I presented them to my Methods of Teaching Class here at the college.

GILBERT D. MCKLVEEN,
Professor of Education,
Lebanon Valley College.

Annville, Pa.

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SR Recommends

BOOKS

Nonfiction

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE, John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95 (*SR,* June 24)—In a radical analysis of the corporate revolution the noted author of *The Affluent Society* adds three new terms to language: "Technostructure," "the Revised Sequence," and "the Educational and Scientific Estate."

PEACE IS POSSIBLE: A READER FOR LAYMEN, edited by Elizabeth Jay Hollins. Grossman. $6.50 (*SR,* June 24)—Economists and religious leaders, lawyers and political scientists focus on a common concern: the eradication of war.

A WORLD HISTORY, William H. McNeill. Oxford Univ. Press. $9.75 (*SR,* June 10)—A "diffusionist" asserts that technological inventions—the plow, the chariot, the engine, and now the atom bomb—are the chief force behind social and political change.

THE MYTH OF THE MACHINE: TECHNICS AND HUMAN DEVELOPMENT, Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace & World. $8.95 (*SR,* June 3)—Opposing the view that defines *homo sapiens* as *homo faber,* the author contends that man is "pre-eminently a mind-making, self-mastering, and self-designing animal."

ANATOMY OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT, Smith Simpson. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95 (*SR,* June 3)—A former member of the diplomatic corps dissects the short-sightedness, inadequate leadership, and delusions of élitism that keep "Foggy Bottom" down.

FRENCH NOVELISTS OF TODAY, Henri Peyre. Oxford Univ. Press. Hardbound, $10; paperback, $2.95 (*SR,* June 24)—With acuity and wit a distinguished critic comments on the Gallic literary world from 1920 to 1965.

THE NEW POETS: AMERICAN AND BRITISH POETRY SINCE WORLD WAR II, M. L. Rosenthal. Oxford Univ. Press. Hardbound, $6.50; paperback, $1.95 (*SR,* June 10)—A thorough assessment of current trends concludes that Robert Lowell's confessional mode is the most distinctive contribution.

THE BUFFALO SOLDIERS: A NARRATIVE OF THE NEGRO CAVALRY IN THE WEST, William H. Leckie. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $5.95 (*SR,* June 17)—Reconstructs the neglected saga of the heroic black troopers whose white scouts included Kit Carson and Buffalo Bill.

THE NOTEBOOKS FOR "CRIME AND PUNISHMENT," Fyodor Dostoevsky. Edited and translated from the Russian by Edward Wasiolek. Univ. of Chicago Press. $6.95 (*SR,* June 10)—Dostoevsky's personal record of his "dialogue with his novel" discloses its underlying conscious and unconscious interactions.

HERAKLES: A PLAY IN VERSE, Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin. $4 (*SR,* June 24)—Myth and modern life unite in a dramatization, set in contemporary Athens, of the last days of a beaten but still defiant son of Zeus.

HAROLD NICOLSON: THE WAR YEARS, 1939-1945. Volume II of Diaries and Letters, edited by Nigel Nicolson. Atheneum. $8.50 (*SR,* June 17)—The second assemblage of a great statesman's personal papers evokes the look and feel, the sound and smell, of London under fire.

THE BROKEN SEAL: THE STORY OF "OPERATION MAGIC" AND THE PEARL HARBOR DISASTER, Ladislas Farago. Random House. $6.95 (*SR,* June 3)—A detailed account of how a brilliant code-breaking achievement was vitiated by the Army-Navy rivalry and thick-wittedness that led to December 7, 1941.

THE COOL MILLENNIUM, Gerald Sykes. Prentice-Hall. $5.95 (*SR,* June 24)—What happens to people when they are highly technicized? Mr. Sykes's answer is that the majority relish their opportunities and refrain from asking embarrassing questions.

AFRICA REMEMBERED: NARRATIVES BY WEST AFRICANS FROM THE ERA OF THE SLAVE TRADE, edited by Philip D. Curtin. Wisconsin Univ. Press. $10 (*SR,* June 10)—Presents a dramatic view of eighteenth and nineteenth-century West Africa as it looked to ten men caught up in the slavery machine.

Fiction

THE BITTER AND THE SWEET, Ivan Olbracht. Translated from the Czech by Iris Urwin. Crown. $4.50 (*SR,* June 3)—Three short works, recreating the life patterns of a peaceful *shtetl* in the Sub-Carpathian mountains, mark the belated American debut of a major Czech writer.

WHEN SHE WAS GOOD, Philip Roth. Random House. $5.95 (*SR,* June 17)—Compassion mingles with horror in a superb portrayal of a young woman's obsession with moral rectitude.

THE VENDOR OF SWEETS, R. K. Narayan. Viking. $4.95 (*SR,* June 3)—In a tenth visit to the happy Indian village of Malgudi, technology and a frowsty, ungrateful son disrupt the life of an elderly candy-maker.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Exhibitions

ONCE INVISIBLE, Museum of Modern Art, New York. Art is handmaiden to science—but science can be extremely artful—in this show of prints exemplifying electron microscopy, fiber optics, time-lapse, and stop-action techniques. (Until September 11.) (Also showing until July 16 in the Auditorium gallery: an eye-appealing exhibit of stills from the current Czechoslovak Film Festival series.)

THE CAMERA AS WITNESS, Photography Pavilion, Expo 67, Montreal. Broad of beam and theme, this international exhibition fills an entire pavilion with 500 prints by photographers of forty-nine lands.

Books

IMAGO AUSTRIAE, photographs by Erich Lessing; edited by Otto Schulmeister. (Herder. $29.50.) A parable in pictures told by a camera that sees through the usual *Schlagober* clichés and gets down to the solid cultural facts and forces which have shaped a complex heritage.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, edited by Nathan Lyons. (Horizon Press. $15.) Compiled from the George Eastman House permanent collection, this "visual anthology" is both chronology and chronicle of photo-history to date.

ART

Exhibitions

A GENERATION OF INNOVATION, at the Art Institute of Chicago. Sculpture since 1945 demonstrates what Americans and Europeans have been doing in this field since World War II. Artists represented include Chidlida, Picasso, Miró, Noguchi, Tony Smith, Nakian, Max Ernst, and many more.

FOCUS ON LIGHT, at the New Jersey State Museum, Trenton. Spanning nearly a century and a half, the show deals with paintings, light structures, projections, drawings, and prints by ninety artists from Constable to Chryssa who produced works that were dependent on light in one way or another.

THE ITALIAN HERITAGE, at Wildenstein & Company, New York. An exhibition of Italian and European paintings and sculpture dating from the thirteenth through the seventeenth centuries represents loans from thirty-four museums and twelve private collections. The show benefits the Committee to Rescue Italian Art.

MOVIES

MADE IN ITALY (*SR,* June 10)—In a lively potpourri of screen vignettes Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, and others seek the good and happy life.

THE DIRTY DOZEN (*SR,* June 17)—A new perspective on World War II that views man's ambivalence toward authority stars Robert Ryan, Ernest Borgnine, and Lee Marvin.

Also: TAMING OF THE SHREW; BLOW-UP; ACCIDENT; PERSONA.

"Tiptoes, everyone."

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Books

17 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "A Prelude" and "Galahad and I Thought of Daisy," by Edmund Wilson
18 Letters to the Book Review Editor
19 European Literary Scene, by Robert J. Clements
20 "The Quicksand War," by Lucien Bodard; "The Two Vietnams," by Bernard B. Fall; "Vietnam: A Dragon Embattled," by Joseph Buttinger; "Responsibility and Response," by Maxwell D. Taylor; "Behind the Lines—Hanoi," by Harrison E. Salisbury; "Vietnam and International Law," by the Lawyers Committee on American Policy Towards Vietnam; "The U.S. in Vietnam," by George McTurnan Kahin and John W. Lewis
23 "Wide Sargasso Sea," by Jean Rhys
24 "Snow White," by Donald Barthelme
25 "Scott of the Antarctic," by Reginald Pound; "Diary of the 'Discovery' Expedition to the Antarctic Regions 1901-1904," by Edward Wilson; "Peary: The Explorer and the Man," by John Edward Weems
27 "The Letters of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Vols. I and II," edited by Andrew Hilen
29 Check List of the Week's New Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Interpreter of Modern Consciousness

IT WAS with the publication of *Axel's Castle* in 1931 that Edmund Wilson established his position as a major figure in American literature. He not only stated more clearly than anyone before him what Yeats, Valéry, Eliot, Proust, Joyce, and Stein were trying to do and what they had done; he explained the nature of the tradition to which they all belonged. Although, as he said in the opening paragraph, these writers were much talked about and were already influencing a new generation, it was not generally recognized that they "represent the culmination of a self-conscious and very important literary movement; and even when we become aware that these writers have something in common, that they belong to a common school, we are likely to be rather vague as to what its distinguishing features are." In reviewing Robert Sklar's book on Scott Fitzgerald (*SR*, June 10), I pointed out that a great change took place in Fitzgerald's work because his friend Wilson had introduced him to Joyce, Proust, and other authors who were creating the modern consciousness; with *Axel's Castle* Wilson performed the same function for most Americans who were concerned with literature, either as producers or consumers.

Although *Axel's Castle* was his first volume of criticism and his first work of large importance, it was by no means Wilson's first book. He had published three plays, a collection of poems, and a novel, as well as numerous articles on many subjects. Recently he has been tidying up his literary remains, and now he has turned his attention to the apprentice years, the years before *Axel's Castle*. Under the title *A Prelude* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.50) he has brought together "landscapes, characters and conversations from the earlier years of my life," while another volume (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.50) contains a long short story, "Galahad," which first appeared in *The American Caravan* in 1927, and his first novel, *I Thought of Daisy*, published in 1929.

There has been talk from time to time about the journals Wilson has kept through the years, and a report a little while ago to the effect that they were to be published in several volumes caused a lifting of eyebrows. In his introduction to *A Prelude* Wilson says, "It is unlikely that very much more than this volume, with perhaps a second volume, can be published till after my death." *A Prelude* is made up of some documents from the early years, together with present-day recollections and comments related to them. There is, for instance, a diary Wilson kept during a trip to Europe that he made with his family when he was thirteen, but this is less interesting than the reminiscences of relatives and friends it inspires. Some of the observations he set down while he was in college give an indication of the way his mind was developing, but much of the material is commonplace. More interesting and revealing are the journals he kept while he was in the Army during World War I, and he has also included two stories written at this time. He prints an astonishingly long and varied list of books that he read during his Army years, but it was not only his reading that was shaping his character: "The experience of military discipline, with its many injustices and absurdities, had given me a sympathy with the victims of any sort of power machine that I was afterwards never to lose."

IF *A Prelude* is a spotty sort of book with many pages that, if not exactly dull, are less than exciting, the other volume proves to be more rewarding than I had expected. "Galahad" is a straightforward account of the destructive impact of Victorian morality on an adolescent boy, not particularly worth republishing at this time.

I Though of Daisy, on the other hand, though it is marred, as Wilson acknowledges in his preface, by a too rigid scheme, stands up extraordinarily well. I can think of no other novel that says so much about the Twenties—not even *The Great Gatsby*, which is in other respects its superior.

As many critics have noted, and as Wilson says in his foreword to the present edition, he was under the influence of Proust and Joyce when he wrote the book. In each of the novel's five parts the hero-narrator sees things in a particular way, so that reality, for him, is constantly changing. In the first part he is strongly impressed by Hugo Bamman, who is a social revolutionary, totally rejecting bourgeois society. He then falls in love with Rita Cavanagh, a romantic poet who wants to keep herself completely aloof from the world of practical affairs. After the end of the liaison with Rita the hero struggles to create a *Weltanschauung* of his own, but without much success. An English mathematician and philosopher, Professor Grosbeake, convinces him that there is more in American life, even as represented in Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt*, than he has been aware of. In each phase the narrator has tried to fit Daisy into his new scheme, but she stubbornly remains what she is, and he finally, though perhaps only temporarily, accepts her on her own terms. Wilson explains: "The point of view—or state of mind—here is instinctive, democratic, pragmatic. My

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hero has at last, for the moment, made connections with the common life."

As Wilson now recognizes, his program weakened the book. He was so afraid of Rita's dominating the novel, whereas his plan put Daisy in the central role, that he pushed the hero's affair with Rita into the background. In spite of this, the reader does understand the importance for the Twenties of the pure Bohemianism that Rita represents. It is significant that the novel was finished in 1929, the year in which the bottom fell out of the new capitalism. If Wilson, like the narrator, felt that he was coming to terms with a business civilization, we can see why he was jolted by the Depression into taking a revolutionary stand.

In the introduction Wilson writes: "Nothing annoys me more [and that is saying a great deal] than to have the characters and incidents which figure in my works of fiction represented as descriptions of real people and events." Well, yes, that always bothers writers, and it would be stupid to say that Hugo Bamman *is* John Dos Passos. But it is not the reader's fault if Bamman makes him think of Dos Passos, or if Rita Cavanagh makes him think of Edna St. Vincent Millay, or if Professor Grosbeake reminds him of Professor Whitehead. If the narrator says things that Edmund Wilson has said in print, that does not mean that Wilson has done everything that the narrator does; but we cannot be blamed if we think of Wilson at least as often as the hero thinks of Daisy.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1247

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1247 will be found in the next issue.

C MGRFGXZ JDNCPZWUR . . .

UYZK JDZ JFTJKR SCFNJD, JWM

EHUZW IEWSGWIGWN.

—ERIJD TGFMZ

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1246

It is better to have loafed and lost than never to have loafed at all.

—James Thurber.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Milestones

Your catalogue of distinguished publications by scholarly presses, "A Quarter-Century of Milestones" [*SR*, June 10], was most impressive. On page 72 the Indiana University Press is credited with the publication of R. C. Buley's Pulitzer Prize-winning study of *The Old Northwest* in 1951.

No doubt you will be interested in learning that *The Old Northwest* was published by the Indiana Historical Society in 1950, and received the Pulitzer award at that time.

The Society released the type to the author and the Indiana University Press did a second printing in 1951.

Hubert H. Hawkins,
Secretary, Indiana
Historical Society.

Indianapolis, Ind.

While I yield to no one in my admiration of the work which Savoie Lottinville has done both as director of the University of Oklahoma Press and in leadership in the Association of American University Presses, I think he would be one of the first wanting to correct the statement that "the Press's enlightening Civilization of the American Indian series was a natural for him to inaugurate in Oklahoma." The first title of this series was published while Mr. Lottinville was completing his work at Oxford.

Among the objectives I had in mind in starting the University of Oklahoma Press in 1928 was to create a pride among Oklahomans in their state, badly injured by a succession of incredible governors, through showing that the state actually had a long history prior to white settlement. Also, annoyed by the fact that Eastern foundations could supply endless funds for archeological exploration in the Near East but no funds for study of the American Indian who once had owned this continent, I conceived the idea of the Civilization of the American Indian series, not to be numbered in seriatem.

I asked a number of scholars to establish criteria by which manuscripts would be judged. The first three volumes were published in 1932. When I became director of the Princeton University Press in 1938, Mr. Lottinville succeeded me, and has continued the high standards of the Civilization series, adding to it an invaluable group of companion series on Western life, ancient cities, etc.

Joseph A. Brandt.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Echoing Tocsin

Congratulations to Granville Hicks for his fine and stimulating article "Art Lost in Analysis" [*SR*, May 13]. His criticism of teachers and professors of literature for paying too much attention to a literary work in relation to its author, background, and other literature and then carrying on analysis for the sake of analysis until "it becomes a way of avoiding the contemplation of literature itself" much needs to be said. . . .

Gary A. Dean.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. Granville Hicks's article was an excellent summation of the attitudes of lit majors here at the State University in Albany.

Recently, several of us in the department of romance languages vied for admission to a highly selective new honors program in Spanish. The seven of us who finally made it were dying to really tackle some of the many masterpieces of Spanish lit. Unfortunately, the professor who was in charge of our program decided to spend an entire semester on *Don Quijote*, which she proceeded to pick apart one episode at a time. Choosing to see the *Quijote* as the "Bible of humanity," she gave us no real background material on Cervantes or the period in which he wrote. Each episode was subjected to microscopic analysis. The result was that the novel fell apart, its entire continuity having been destroyed, and the honors program fell apart: only two students remained, the others having fled lest they die of boredom.

The same cries of anguish are to be heard from the English department where each professor seems to have a fixation either on meter, or symbolism, or biography, with a total disregard of the work as an artistic unit.

Miguel de Unamuno, the famous Spanish author and classicist, approached the teaching of literature with a desire to convey to his students an understanding of the minds that produced the works and the cultures that nurtured them. I wish some of the bores that are teaching here would heed Mr. Hicks and Don Miguel before we all desert the field and enlist in the social sciences.

James P. Begley.

Albany, N.Y.

I have learned that between September and June of each year:

1) A poem is a general term for collections of metaphors and rhyme schemes colored with an underlying message.

2) A novel is a rectangular solid containing a game. The object of the game is to find all the bestial imagery and Christlike figures someone has hidden inside a useless device called the story. Reading the book is cheating and also a waste of time.

I have also learned that reading can be fun when ideas aren't treacherously mutilated, sawed into partially related and obscure images, combined with underlying messages, and dragged all over the class like a cold dead fish.

Barb Wells.

Findlay, O.

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European Literary Scene

The most gilt-edged reputation among the newer novelists of Europe (if someone born in 1904 can be so categorized) is that of Witold Gombrowicz. This Polish patrician's books were banned under the German occupation and the later Stalinist censorship. His emergence this spring as winner over thirty-three candidates (including Nabokov, Alejo Carpentier, Le Clézio, and the runner-up Yukio Mishima) for the International "Formentor" Prize assures him a wide translation. Grove Press, which has published *Ferdydurke* and *Pornografia*, plans to release all his works in English.

The irony of his late fame has been noted by Gombrowicz himself: "I was almost unknown until 1957. An immigrant to the Argentine. In 1957 the Polish government, in a moment of fleeting liberalism, allowed my books to be printed. The enormous and unexpected success of this enterprise was such that I was banned once more and it became illegal to write about me."

While Gombrowicz watches with a wry smile from his sanctuary in France, back in Poland Wlodzimierz Maciag, literary critic of *Zycie Literackie*, decries "sophists" of his ilk. "One must not call for a fresh style or talent at the price of rejecting the rudimentary duties of literature, duties which have not been sufficiently fulfilled by contemporary literature."

Günter Grass, whose novels (*The Tin Drum, Cat and Mouse, Dog Years*) brought him a much earlier fame than Gombrowicz's, relentlessly pursues kudos as a poet. *Ausgefracht* (Questions Asked), just published by Luchterhand Verlag (Neuwied/Berlin), is his third volume of verse, following the first by eleven years. As usual, the Danzig-born *Wunderkind* finds in poetry an even better medium for being playful and serious at the same time. As we know from the earlier volumes, Grass loves to ponder the meaning of the most simple things and situations. Folding chairs? "What manner of furniture is this that implies departure!" A sunken aircraft carrier? "Now airplanes and angels hang suspended in air with nowhere to land." A biology exhibit? "Pale earnest embryos, our aborted children sit there in their plain glass jars and worry about the future of their elders." This capricious talent is undiminished in the latest volume. One of the cycles, "My big *Ja* forms sentences with my little *Nein*," illustrates Grass's ambivalence in viewing everyday situations, "the mistakes and inaccuracies of our sense-impressions and the fortuitousness of our memory," according to *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*. This spring Grass proved to be an effective good-will ambassador to not-yet-embattled Israel, whose government invited him to lecture at Jerusalem and Tel Aviv Universities.

Speaking of politically motivated poets, I find in the latest issue of *Literatur und Kritik* from Vienna an untypically polemic series of "Vietnam Epigrams" by the Austrian Wolf Biermann. I translate the first of these, entitled "*Morgenspruch* [*i.e.*, Oriental saying] *des General Ky*":

> A régime that need fear nothing
> Other than its people
> Can long endure,
> So long as the folk has nothing to fear
> Other than its régime.

Particularly savage is Biermann's "Epitaph for an American Soldier," "sent out as a butcher and ending up as cattle for the shambles."

It was inevitable that Greece's new oligarchs should single out for punishment the poet Yannis Ritsos, now in his fifty-eighth year. Ritsos, whose free verse has long sung of man's hopes for a better world, was the perfect scapegoat. Recalling the literary prizes Ritsos had won and hailing him as one of the great poets of our time, some 100 writers of France protested to Athens about his arrest, as well as the blackout of literary expression. The distinguished signers ran the gamut from Far Right (Mauriac) to Far Left (Elsa Triolet). By contrast, our own writers have been singularly quiet and disunited on Greece, a mutism perhaps explained by the official attitude of Washington, which merely regrets and does not condemn, which continues to support the oligarchy with our own tax monies.

A welcome phenomenon on the Spanish literary scene is the slight thaw toward books by exiled Spanish Republican authors and others who are non grata to the Franco régime. Thus Pablo Neruda's collection of verse *A House on the Sand* is his first since the fall of the Republic to be available there. Although I agree with the master Juan Ramón Jiménez's judgment of the Chilean Neruda ("a great bad poet") and regret Neruda's debasement of poetry to win his Stalin Prize, I was pleased at least to see this particular book on sale.

A more important writer, Ramón Sender, is not only sold but even published in Spain, as has been noted here. I have just read with pleasure his *Tres novelas teresianas* (Destino), best translated as "Three Novelettes on Saint Teresa." These dramatize three facets in the life of the famous Spanish mystic: her acceptance of her religious vocation, her relations with the amoral courtesan Ana de Eboli, and her commerce with the court chaplain Fray Bernardo, which enabled her to understand the politics of Philip II. Sender has been fascinated with this visionary, who founded seventeen nunneries and fifteen monasteries, ever since 1938 when he wrote his capricious biography, *El Verbo se hizo sexo* (The Word Became Sex). The title pokes fun at the amorous ecstasies inspiring Teresa's religious outpourings, those ecstasies which Bernini captured in marble. In Sender's writing the exalted saint of the letters and autobiographical works is brought back to earth, personalized but viewed with sympathy.

William Golding's first novel, *Lord of the Flies*, appeared during his forty-third year; but he had solidified his tardy career by 1959 with *The Inheritors, Pincher Martin, The Brass Butterfly*, and *Free Fall*. He won praise for the careful structuring not only of his stories but of the world they portrayed. As he put it, "In all the books I have suggested a shape in the universe that may, as it were, account for things." Yet within an ordered universe there is always a disordered humanity. Golding allegedly set out to "trace the defects of society back to the defects of human nature." His latest book, *The Pyramid* (to be published here this fall by Harcourt, Brace & World), makes no attempt—despite the geometric title—at form or levels of meaning. It recounts three moments in the life of the protagonist, Oliver, in his home county of Wiltshire. In the 1920s Oliver tastes the forbidden fruit with Evie, daughter of the town crier. Later he becomes involved with members of the local opera society. In the 1940s he visits the grave of his former music teacher, Miss Dawlish. He finally realizes how pointless, at least in his case, is nostalgia. All these friends were meaningless to him, for in his relations with them he had failed to "make for himself love, the beginning and end of the heart." Yet even when one tries to generate affection (we remember poor Piggy in *Flies*) life is anything but fun and games. The *Times Literary Supplement* reviewer advises his readers not to seek philosophic lessons in

(*Continued on page* 28)

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VIETNAM: Charted on a Distorted Map

By MARK O. HATFIELD

THERE are passages from the writings of President James Madison that have haunted me this year. I have used them as my text on several occasions, and their relevance intensified with each new escalation of the hostilities in Vietnam. He said:

> Knowledge will forever govern ignorance, and a people who mean to be their own governors must arm themselves with the power that knowledge gives them. A popular government without popular information or the means of acquiring it, is but a prologue to a farce, or a tragedy or perhaps both.

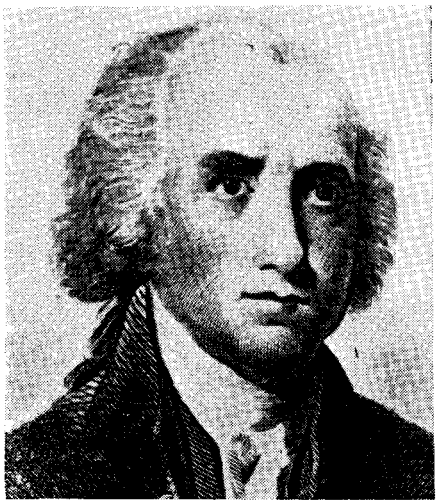
The confusion, alarm, and apprehension over our involvement in Vietnam have not been relieved by the State Department briefings, the Pentagon "handouts," or the White House pronouncements about our commitments. In fact, it has been my contention that our position in Vietnam has been charted on a distorted map, whose makers have deliberately misinterpreted the twenty-year history of the conflict in order to justify our role in Southeast Asia. Moreover, our present Administration has misrepresented what is in essence a civil war fueled by nationalism, and defined it as a "war of aggression" conducted by the North Vietnamese.

As our country has poured hundreds of thousands of young men into South Vietnam, and billions of dollars (beginning with aid to the French), there has been an increasing tendency to limit debate, to "correct" the viewpoint of Administration critics, and to question the patriotism and loyalty of those who dissent. But if the current flood of books about Vietnam are being read, then the Administration will eventually have to concede that its policies in Southeast Asia are due for searching scrutiny.

William Sloane Coffin, chaplain of Yale University, commented that any American who had read one book on Vietnam was at least several light years ahead of the average citizen. One book, of course, is only the beginning. We are going to have to line our shelves with volumes on the political, social, and religious history of Vietnam and Southeast Asia. Happily, there are some excellent books (many in paperback) that can sharpen us for the painful debate that must be sustained if we are to find a way out of the swamp and into a new concept of global power based on spiritual foundations rather than atomic threats or Green Beret Ballads.

A journalist who has covered the critical years of 1946-1950 gives us *The Quicksand War: Prelude to Vietnam* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $7.95). Lucien Bodard, a Frenchman, brings to his

Mark O. Hatfield is the Republican Senator from Oregon.



—*Wide World.*

President Madison—cautionary.

—*Wide World.*

Ho Chi Minh—capable.

—*UPI.*

Bernard B. Fall—perceptive.

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work almost two decades of experience as correspondent of the Paris newspaper *France-Soir*. As Hemingway was to the Spanish Civil War, so indeed Bodard may be considered in relation to Vietnam. His reports and publications must have been a terrible catharsis for the citizens of France as they followed the ghastly intrigue, the postwar politicking, and the unbelievable collapse of Dien Bien Phu. In this book he also draws a bead on the first adventures of American diplomacy as it began to enter the salons of Saigon.

> How many times did not some American say to me, "you Frenchmen are corrupt, and you still believe in Machiavellism. . . . It's not only revolting but completely out of date."

Bodard does not have any illusions about French ambitions in Vietnam—nor about the American passion to make Vietnam a "friend" of the United States. In early 1950 he noted the clashes between the two groups of Western diplomats in the capital.

> Each side saw very little of the other: there was hardly any social interchange. In the midst of the French Saigon of the piaster and the Expeditionary Force the Americans were shut away with their dollars, their luxury, their parties, their intrigues, and their particular functions—for each of them had an exactly defined job. Their numbers continually grew: they were very rich and very bitter, and they bought the most splendid houses for their agencies and their dwellings, setting themselves up as little blocks of resistance, living apart, devoting themselves to work and taking such care of their health that they reached the point of eating and drinking nothing but what came from the States, including water. But in spite of their puritanism they let themselves go in the evenings at cocktail parties where too much drink disappeared and where there were some very odd forms of amusement.

Lucien Bodard weaves history, drama, military tactics, and human aspirations into a most readable and fascinating book.

For those who want to anchor their Vietnam bookcases with volumes of weight and depth top choices would be the second revised edition of Bernard Fall's *The Two Vietnams: A Political and Military Analysis* (Praeger, $7.95) and Joseph Buttinger's *Vietnam: A Dragon Embattled* (Praeger, 2 vols., $18.50). The late Bernard Fall is known to the people concerned about Vietnam as a careful and diligent scholar. His student days saw him in Hanoi, and a decade later he traveled up and down the Mekong Delta. Of particular interest to me is his perceptive appraisal of the National Liberation Front. The 1965 White Paper prepared by our government used the NLF as basis for its charge that "in Vietnam a Communist government has set out deliberately to conquer a sovereign people in a neighboring state."

Dr. Fall notes the almost detached attitude of Ho Chi Minh and North Vietnam during the 1954-56 "election" period. What was evident was the vigorous and outspoken opposition in South Vietnam to the Diem government, both for its strong police-state methods and "the large-scale support . . . received from the United States." Dr. Fall documents the amazing rallying strength that the NLF demonstrated in 1965 when, according to official U.S. figures, its forces grew from 115,000 men to more than 200,000 (in spite of nearly 100,000 casualties), of which some 40,000 came from the North.

MOVING on to Joseph Buttinger's scholarly *Vietnam: A Dragon Embattled* we are treated not only to painstaking research and determined analysis; we are given mood—the suffering and the hope of the little people of Vietnam. Buttinger accompanies his historic study with more than 500 pages of notes, quotations, and supporting evidence. That may sound like heavy going, but the kind of history and political science that are currently being offered by the Administration necessitate such exhaustive investigation.

The reader would do well to study Buttinger's profile of Ho Chi Minh. Portrayed in the Western press as a bearded cartoon figure with pointed fingernails and flimsy sandals, Ho emerges here in quite another shape. Buttinger brings out the highlights of his career: his single-minded devotion to the cause of Vietnamese nationalism; his saturation during student days in Marxist and Communist literature; his brilliant communication to Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau at the Versailles Peace Conference of 1919, laying forth the claims of the Vietnamese people. We are reminded by Jean Sainteny (who headed the French intelligence mission in China) that Ho was able to speak "perfect French, English, Russian, Mandarin Chinese" as well as several dialects of his native tongue—and German. It is hard to reconcile his ruthless violence, his wily deceptions, his butchery of peasants with the educated man who once painted flowers. Yet, when we find a solution to the Vietnamese conflict, it will be through the personality of Ho Chi Minh, whom Buttinger calls "one of the most capable men the international Communist movement has produced." As we learn more about this adversary we will be less given to describing him glibly as a

"No, my face is not on upside down—beat it!"

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Peking pawn or a Moscow messenger.

The disillusionment of many professional educators and academic leaders has been apparent on every campus. As their ideas break into print they provide a firsthand sampling of active dissent and diligent search for a new policy in Asia. I hope that this mood continues. And grows. Yet dissent must not give way to despair and its sister, disgust, but to a fresh flow of alternative suggestions. The present Administration is caught in the final delirium tremens of Cold War policies that are unable to cope with the dynamics of today. The old order is changing, and our youth welcome it. I firmly believe in their loyalty to and affection for this country and its experience in democracy; but that does not mean they are pleased with our mistakes in Vietnam or entertained by the foolish rhetoric that passes for patriotism, Americanism, and "commitments" to a decaying order.

INDEED, concern is not confined to any age group or geographic sector. When a national policy goes awry, turns sour, there will be responsible critics who demand to be heard. *Vietnam and International Law: An Analysis of the Legality of the U.S. Military Involvement* (O'Hare, hardbound, $3.75; paperback, $2) is an example. Prepared by the Consultative Council of the Lawyers Committee on American Policy Towards Vietnam, under the direction of Richard A. Falk, Milbank Professor of International Law at Princeton University, it presents the views of distinguished jurists and professors of international law from our leading universities. Their examination of State Department arguments, memoranda, and interpretations make one wonder about the credentials of those who are representing U.S. interests abroad. Chapter by chapter, these lawmen catalogue the contradictions of our SEATO statements, our Geneva Accords pleading, and our Security Council evasions.

> The State Department's assertion, "At no time has the Security Council taken any action to restore peace and security in Southeast Asia," overlooks some relevant information: first of all, neither South Vietnam nor the United States ever brought a complaint about the alleged aggression by North Vietnam before the Security Council; and secondly, the United States circumvented Security Council action by its unilateral war actions.

Why didn't we bring a complaint? Again, we were reluctant to credit the National Liberation Front with so much indigenous strength. More important, we had taken unilateral action in violation of the spirit of our United Nations commitments.

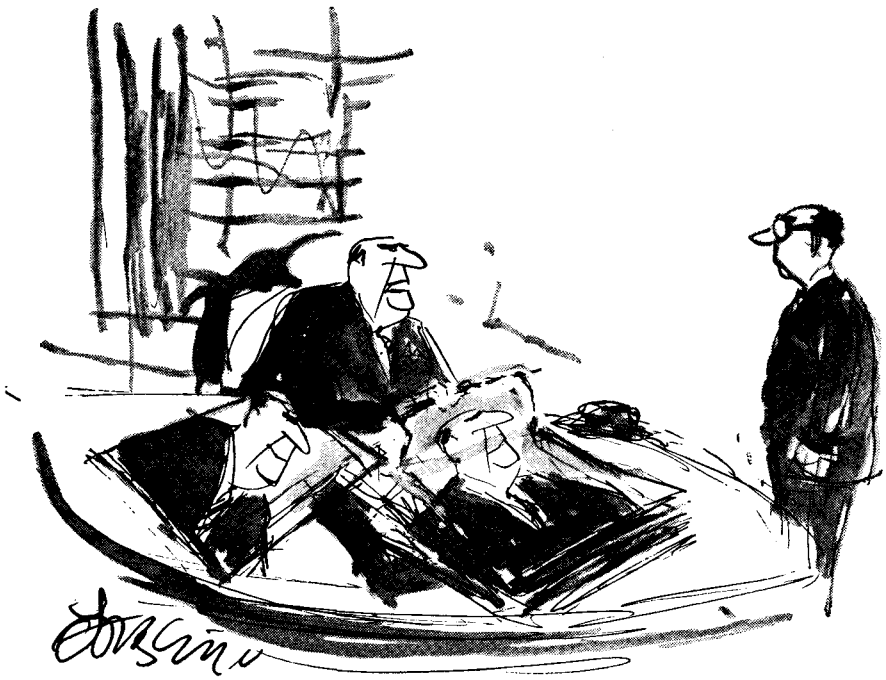
On this tender point, George McTurnan Kahin and John W. Lewis in *The United States in Vietnam* (Dial, $5.95) provide the perspective that must be set before the American public. If ever a few paragraphs summarized the dilemma, it is these:

> If the United States is to re-establish the credibility for political wisdom that it has been losing in Vietnam and have any chance of extricating itself from the present impasse there, it must subordinate its military means to its political ends and adapt those ends to existing Vietnamese realities.
>
> One of the central realities is that Vietnam is a single nation, not two. The 1954 Geneva Agreements explicitly prohibited its political division, and the construction of a separate state in the South was made possible only through the injection of American military and economic aid. Despite Vietnam's regional differences, national consciousness was and remains strong. Though the American effort to establish an anticommunist state in the South resulted in an enduring *de facto* division, this cannot overcome the fact that to the Vietnamese their country, North and South, is a single nation and that South Vietnam constitutes an artificial creation whose existence depends on the sustained application of American power.
>
> Washington's insistence that Vietnam is composed of two states has made more plausible the thesis of aggression from the North. In fact, however, the struggle in Vietnam is basically a civil war. The present conflict began within the South primarily as a reaction to the repressive measures of the American-backed Saigon régime. Only when this insurgency had built up a momentum of its own did Hanoi begin to assist the Southern insurgents, and the civil war resumed its Vietnam-wide, pre-Geneva dimension. It was not until after the United States had injected substantial American military forces into the struggle that Northern support of the Vietcong became significant. Yet, a crucial distinction remains between American and Northern intervention: while American support of Saigon is critical in that Saigon would quickly collapse were it withdrawn, the NLF, even if it received no assistance from Hanoi, could probably sustain a widely based guerrilla resistance for many years against both American and Saigon forces and could on its own overcome Saigon if the latter lost the financial and military backing of the United States.

Among the books here reviewed, there are two that should be read at the same time: General Maxwell D. Taylor's Lehigh University lectures, *Responsibility and Response* (Harper & Row, $3.50), and Harrison E. Salisbury's *Behind the Lines—Hanoi: December 23, 1966-January 7, 1967* (Harper & Row, $4.95). In the first our strategy is outlined by a top military figure; in the second it is appraised by a distinguished correspondent traveling in the target area. In a few concise pages Taylor divides American strategy into four components, and with the same economy of words Salisbury neatly exposes its results.

TAYLOR states that the reason for bombing Hanoi "was to utilize our superiority in the air to strike military

(*Continued on page* 28)



"Mowry, distribute these to all personnel."

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The Second Time Around

***Wide Sargasso Sea,** by Jean Rhys (Norton. 200 pp. $4.50), reconstructs the early life of the mad Mrs. Rochester in Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre." The latest novel by Gerald Kersh is "The Angel and the Cuckoo."*

By GERALD KERSH

JEAN RHYS had been fighting oblivion since the middle 1920s, and was barely ahead by a point or two when *Good Morning, Midnight*, her fourth novel, came out in 1939, precisely at the moment when it was most likely to be ignored. The very virtuosity with which she told her strange, bitter story of loneliness and spiritual disintegration might have made it, at the time, unacceptable. It had appeared ten years too soon.

So *Good Morning, Midnight* went out of print, and Jean Rhys passed out of sight and out of mind, and was vaguely presumed to be dead. Those of us under thirty who had heard of her—and we were few—thought of her as being already pretty well on in years: born in Queen Victoria's time, and a literary protegée of Ford Madox Ford; one of poor old D. H. Lawrence's obscurer contemporaries, of pre-Charleston derivation.

Then, in 1958, somebody on the BBC's Third Programme hit upon the quaint notion of broadcasting a dramatized version of *Good Morning, Midnight*. The tiny, insistent group of true evaluators and therefore loyal admirers of her work had made itself heard at last, and there began a kind of quest for Jean Rhys.

They found her in the West of England. Not only was she still alive; she wasn't even very old, and was at work on a new novel, *Wide Sargasso Sea*, which has just won the Royal Society of Literature award. And so it comes about that, forty years after Ford Madox Ford first proclaimed himself struck with her passion, compassion, power, and perception, Jean Rhys has been discovered again, and will be recognized now as one of the most talented novelists of our time.

A literary discovery is always exciting, but a rediscovery is better than exciting, it is gratifying—reassuring evidence of high enthusiasm ultimately justified and shrewd judgment confirmed. As when Arnold Bennett, forty years after Shchedrin was dead and buried, picked up a copy of *Golovlyov* and blurted out a critic's equivalent of "Where have you been all my life?," the appreciative reader is mysteriously comforted. It seems to indicate that good things won't let themselves get lost.

Ford long ago remarked that Miss Rhys was animated by "a terrifying instinct and a terrific—an almost lurid!—passion for stating the case of the underdog." Reading *Jane Eyre*, she was properly impressed, no doubt, by the bravery and virtue of the little governess and by the Byronic darkness of the sardonic master; but it was the madwoman locked up in the attic who caught her imagination and engaged her sympathy.

And I don't believe that the whole of literature can show a more flagrant example of underdoggery than the case of Mrs. Rochester. True, there is little more horrible than a raving lunatic (once he's recognized as such and certified), and in Charlotte Brontë's novel the creature in the attic is only an extra, carrying in the carving knives and firebrands when Doom rings the bell.

But she is also a woman and a wife; there was a time when she was young,

beautiful, and rich, which is why Rochester married her; she didn't lose her reason without good cause; crazy people, beyond the reach of consolation, suffer more than sane ones can, and Mrs. Rochester is in hell. She was in hell, no doubt, before she was brought to Thornfield Hall, but it was a warm hell and she could find her way around in it. Now, imprisoned forever on a harsh Yorkshire moor, at the mercy of devils she doesn't know, her uncomprehending anguish is bitter indeed.

Idle speculation took root. The character of Antoinette assumed form; prised loose from *Jane Eyre*, she became a vital, viable entity, and so *Wide Sargasso Sea* came to be written.

Locked up with her keeper, poor Antoinette has memories enough of blood and fire. She was a child in Jamaica at the time of the Emancipation Act, and hers was one of the Creole families ruined by the liberation of the slaves. Landowners thus impoverished suffered something deeper than the simple discomfort that comes with insufficient meals and threadbare clothes; they were profoundly shocked to discover that the black people not only disliked them but positively despised them. They had held title to slave-time, but, when it came to the point, who had actually owned whom? After the emancipated slaves walked away the cultivated land ran, overnight, back to the bush, and the white people fell to pieces. White men simply do not breed right in the tropics; with care they can be cultivated under fans and on ice for a few generations, but they soon disintegrate.

Antoinette's widowed mother, on the verge of complete demoralization and already the subject of Spanish Town gossip, has married a wealthy old man. One night drunken blacks burn down their house and stone them as they flee. The mother's mind cracks at last and she dies insane. Left an heiress, Antoinette marries handsome, aristocratic Mr. Rochester. But she has also inherited a tainted reputation.

There's bad blood in her, say the islanders; her mother was a whore, her younger brother was an idiot, and Antoinette herself is no better than she should be. Rochester hears it all. He had never loved her; now he hates her. But she needs Rochester, and tries to win him back by West Indian witchcraft. Her old nurse, Christophine, is an obeah woman, and warns her that this kind of thing is not for the *béké* to play with. It can only end one way, and that is the way it does end—in that horrible attic at Thornfield Hall on the high, cold moor, with her keeper, Grace Poole, drunk on gin, and mad Antoinette, knowing exactly what it is that she has to do, creeping out into the nightbound corridor with a lighted candle . . .

I have seldom read a novel that was more of a piece than *Wide Sargasso Sea*. To quote from it would be like offering a sample snipping of a tapestry—it might convey something of the texture, but it wouldn't enlighten the reader as to the pattern. The first fifty pages were published in *Art and Literature*, which is as close as one dare come to extracting from this book, it is so carefully unified and economically integrated. Nobody could convey more of atmosphere, background, and character in so few words; and yet it remains a book without "passages."

It is not an easy book to classify, but whatever you choose to call it—tour de force, psychological suspense story, period piece, study in disintegration—it remains a work of high art and profound perception. Jean Rhys's style has grown more lucid with the passage of time. She sat the years out, and at last we have caught up with her; and here she is, as immediate as can be, very much of our age, revealed as a master.

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Beauty and the Building Washers

***Snow White,** by Donald Barthelme (Atheneum. 181 pp. $4.50), concerns a maculate maiden, an unemployed Prince Charming, and seven neurotics. Seymour Epstein's novels include "Leah" and the forthcoming "Caught in That Music," to be published this fall.*

By SEYMOUR EPSTEIN

ONCE upon a time there was simple fun and terror in fairy tales, but then the world grew complex, and simple fun and terror would no longer do. Things had to be explained in one way or another. Readers of Donald Barthelme's slim, oddly muscled book will undoubtedly have their own preconception of "one way," but *Snow White* may well provide them with "another."

Barthelme's first novel (let's call it a novel; there doesn't seem to be any other suitable label) is a pastiche, a disastrously long pun, or a surrealistic lecture with prose slides, depending on the temperament of the reader. To begin with—and one must begin at the beginning, although there is a strong temptation to reread it backwards after one has finished—the Snow White of Barthelme's tale is "a tall, dark beauty with a great many beauty spots." The author is most particular about these spots, locating them descriptively and even illustrating their verticality with a line of dots on page 1.

Now the presence of these beauty spots may be thought of as pure happenstance, but the reader is discouraged from the outset in that kind of naïveté. The truth is that this Snow White is not immaculate; in fact she is quite maculate, living (one might say freely associating) as she does with seven neurosis-wracked window washers. Excuse me, building washers. That's another thing about Barthelme: one must constantly overcome an urge to straighten out his cockeyed tableaux; that's the way they're supposed to hang.

Anyway, the novel proceeds in short spurts from sequence to apparently uncausated sequence, interspersed with occasional bold sans serif announcements which may or may not have some significance: *e.g.*, EBONY EQUANIMITY ASTONISHMENT TRIUMPH VAT DAX BLAGUE. Ghosts of Kierkergaard, Joyce, Shakespeare, Goethe, and probably at least a dozen others undetected by this reader are invoked as the author limns the modern scene of sex, advertising, communication, and all the over and under forms of consciousness.

What Barthelme seems to be doing is orchestrating the lunacy we all know with a kind of controlled wildness, mixing myth and mores, fears and fancies, noodling and neologism into a free-form composition. There is no story in any conventional sense. There is not even an episode the mind can retain. To ask what this book is about is like asking someone to whistle a refrain from the latest electronic opus.

It is about Snow White and seven building washers and a Prince Charming who sits in his "baff," when he isn't writing palinodes or visiting the unemployment office. It is about Chinese Baby Food and a wicked stepmother who tries to eliminate Snow White with a poisoned martini. It is about the strange undersea life of the mind that dwells just below the last reach of the sun's rays.

But despite all its oddness, Barthelme manages to get through. *Snow White* is funny in a grotesque way, producing the kind of laugh that is half amusement, half hysteria. To the rational mind Barthelme's imagination is a distorting mirror; but that same rational mind, subjected to a little more overpopulation, pollution, traffic chaos, competition, war, and agenbite of inwit, is just liable to bend into the shapes reflected here.

Donald Barthelme—an orchestrator of lunacy.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

PERIODICALLY

Ruth M. Walsh of Copiague, N. Y., says that each hiatus in the following quotations can be filled in with the name of a magazine. You should complete a dozen of them handily; if you make a perfect score, you ought to be reading more books. To get off the rack, turn to page 31.

1. And, like this insubstantial _____ faded,/Leave not a rack behind.
2. When _____ _____ shall scatter her largesse
   On writers who have won their own success.
3. Who saw _____ steadily, and saw it whole.
4. The white pink, and the pansy freaked with _____.
5. My _____ is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.
6. Maud is not _____,/But she is tall and stately.
7. When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
   Huge cloudy symbols of a high _____.
8. Manna and dates, in _____ transferr'd/From Fez.
9. That _____ of year thou mayst in me behold.
10. By the _____ we watch.
11. I shall not _____ upon his like again.
12. The _____ of earth is never dead.
13. And thought _____ _____ ne'er would thrive
    Till all the whores were burnt alive.
14. When in disgrace with _____ and men's eyes.
15. The Times and _____ _____/Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

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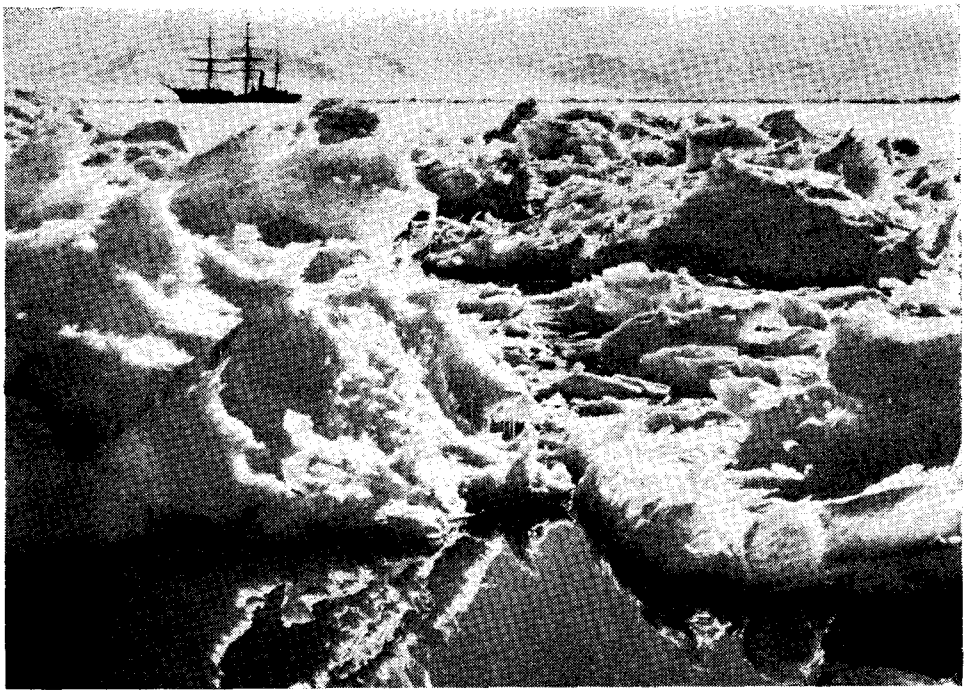
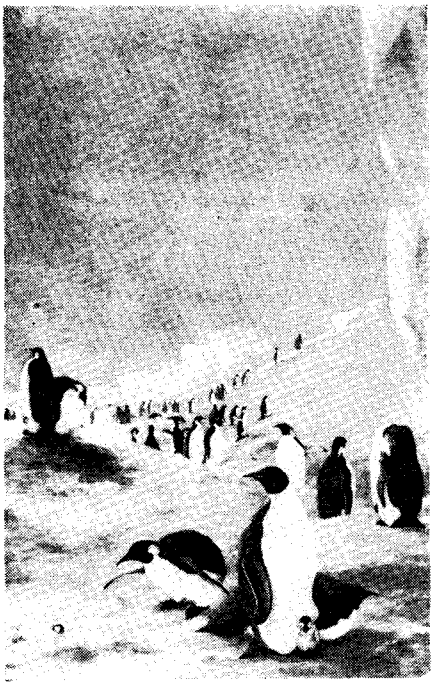


—From "Scott of the Antarctic."

Decaying Iceberg in McMurdo Sound.



—From "Diary of the 'Discovery' Expedition."

Emperor Penguins at Cape Crozier.

The Ends of the Earth

Scott of the Antarctic, *by Reginald Pound (Coward-McCann. 327 pp. $5.95);* ***Diary of the "Discovery" Expedition to the Antarctic Regions 1901-1904,*** *by Edward Wilson, edited by Ann Savours (Humanites Press. 416 pp. $22.50), and* ***Peary: The Explorer and the Man,*** *by John Edward Weems (Houghton Mifflin. 362 pp. $6.95), chronicle some of the great adventures in the climactic years of Polar exploration. Richard L. Tobin is SR's managing editor.*

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

MAN FLIES daily over the Arctic, even the North Pole itself, and he lives the year round in the Antarctic in comparative comfort and security. But half a century ago, before the air age made travel quick and easy, two of the great adventure stories were the discoveries of the North and South Poles by Robert Edwin Peary, of the United States Navy, and the Norwegian Roald Amundsen. Peary reached the North Pole in 1909, and Amundsen its southern counterpart in 1911, a few days before Captain Robert Falcon Scott of the British Royal Navy arrived to suffer crushing disappointment and eventual death.

Of these three current books commemorating the climactic years of Polar exploration the first and best is *Scott of the Antarctic,* by Reginald Pound, thoroughly documented if sometimes undistinguished in the writing. It is supplemented by the *Diary of the "Discovery" Expedition to the Antarctic Regions 1901-1904,* by Edward Wilson, a doctor and zoologist, who was a member of both of Scott's Antarctic expeditions. A man with a wonderful talent for watercolors (forty-seven examples are here reproduced), he gave the world its first and possibly its best idea of life Down Under. The third volume, *Peary: The Explorer and the Man,* is a major biography by John Edward Weems, assistant director of the University of Texas Press. Not only in time and magnificent achievement are these three books interconnected; to an astonishing degree so are the members of each cast and their ambitious governments back home.

Scott first set out for the Antarctic in 1901, and, with Wilson and Ernest Shackleton, made preliminary forays toward the South Pole through blizzards at 60° and 70° below zero and over ice formations so sharp and irregular that a few hundred yards sometimes comprised the whole of one exhausting day's trip with dog sled and heavy pack. Indeed, it was Scott's English distaste for treating dogs as beasts of burden that finally cost him his life and first place in the race to the South Pole. Amundsen the realist, going it alone and using fallen dogs as fresh meat for those that survived, drove his magnificent huskies all the way to latitude 90° South and back. Scott's men harnessed themselves and dragged a quarter of a ton of supplies as far as their endurance could take them.

Ernest Shackleton is a fantastic character in this drama of unbelievable heroics. After failing miserably on a preliminary journey overland, he was despatched back to England. Following a period of recuperation he led his own Antarctic expeditions in competition with Scott and Amundsen, and was the hero of perhaps the greatest single feat of small-boat seamanship in the history of the cold regions. But that is another story, already told superbly in Alfred Lansing's underrated book *Endurance,* published by McGraw-Hill in 1959.

Captain Scott kept a precise diary of the bitter days of his last journey South. His hands and feet crippled by frostbite, his eyes and mind befuddled by Antarctic blizzard, he traveled on to final defeat—and, in a way, magnificent triumph. Coming to the South Pole area itself, Scott was overwhelmed to learn that he had been preceded by the Norwegian. He knew full well the shattering implications in terms of personal and national prestige. But, gentleman to the end, he dutifully picked up Amundsen's

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ANNUAL REPORT TO SHAREHOLDERS

Last summer your blue chip investment--young Americans --paid off. They worked for you in your offices, shops, factories and neighborhoods. You helped them turn summer into pay.

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Hire youth this summer.

SUMMER JOBS FOR YOUTH

YOUTH OPPORTUNITY CAMPAIGN 1967

message to the world (left at the South Pole in case Amundsen did not make it home successfully), and this eventually was conveyed to the King of Norway as proof that the Norwegian had beaten the Briton. Scott's was an act that could have been performed only by a man of honor.

It is on the return trip that Scott's diary reaches a poignancy seldom matched in exploration writing. Certain he will not reach his base camp, he leaves a heartbreaking letter to the writer James M. Barrie, once his friend, that ends:

> As a dying man, my dear friend, be good to my wife and child. Give the boy a chance in life, if the State won't do it—he ought to have good stuff in him—and give my memory back the friendship which you suspended.

Then comes the famous entry after the dying Lawrence Oates walked off into the night blizzard in the hope of saving the others' lives:

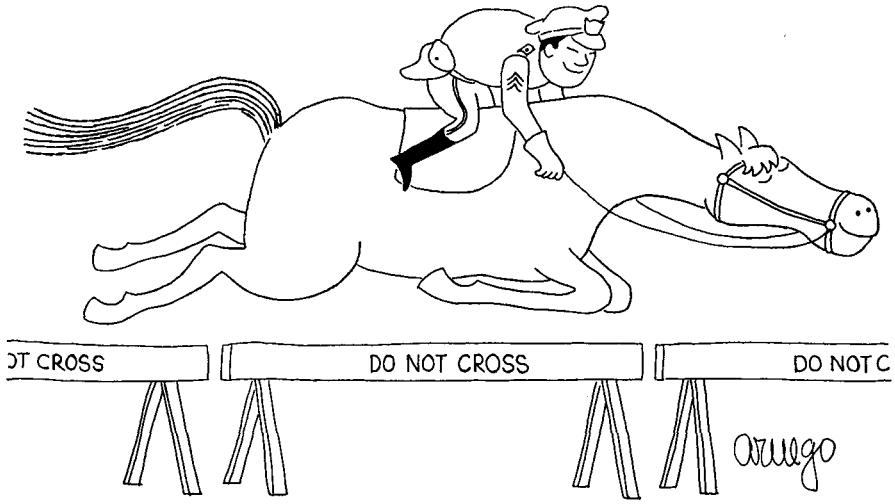
> Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W.S.W. and S.W. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot [only] eleven miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I don't think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far.
>
> It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.
>
> R. Scott.

And there follows the only cry of desperation in the recorded life of the great Scott Antarctic expeditions. It is the Captain's last word to those who will eventually find his frozen body:

> Last Entry
>
> For Gods sake look after our people

Amundsen, Scott, and many another European explorer had planned serious attempts to be the first human being to reach the North Pole. But all were discouraged by the amazing explorations of Admiral Peary, the U.S. Navy bulldog who, on his seventh trip, accompanied by his Negro manservant Matthew Henson, four Eskimos, and what was left of a dog team, undeniably reached 90° North Latitude. He returned to civilization only to learn that Dr. Frederick A. Cook, a physician who had been on an early Peary expedition, was claiming prior discovery of the greatest exploratory goal of the time. Cook was eventually unfrocked by the admission of the Eskimos with him that he had never been out of sight of land (the North Pole region is, unlike the Antarctic, composed entirely of water); but this did not alleviate Peary's intense suffering and humiliation. Even in this country anything Peary said about Dr. Cook was taken as jealous cant; and for many months, until it became evident that Cook could not produce sufficient proof of his claims, Peary was downgraded on both sides of the Atlantic. (Cook was, incidentally, later jailed for fraudulent oil promotions.) It is by now perfectly clear from the evidence that Admiral Peary was the first to hoist a flag, in this case the Stars and Stripes, over the north Polar axis of the earth.

These three books, greatly enhanced in the Edward Wilson volume by magnificent watercolors and black-and-white sketches of men, ships, animals, birds, glacier and sky, frozen ocean and terrain, together form the most fascinating adventure pack these old eyes have seen in many a year. One looks in astonishment at a thousand-foot cliff of sheer ice, or a jagged field of razor-sharp and separated ice floes, and wonders where in our world today we would find men of the caliber and courage of Scott, Amundsen, and Peary. These are masculine books; yet no woman could pick up the thread of Scott's dramatic diary or Peary's terrible if temporary disappointment without being emotionally stirred, perhaps to the point of tears.



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Poet or Poetaster?

The Letters of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, *edited by Andrew Hilen (Harvard University Press. 2 vols., 1,140 pp. Set, $25), part of a projected series, brings together for the first time the poet's correspondence, much of it previously unpublished. Louis Untermeyer edited "An Anthology of the New England Poets."*

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

FEW POETS have run the gamut from the world's devotion to critical dismissal as completely as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Idolized in his time—the only American poet to be honored with a bust in Westminster Abbey—and condescendingly suffered in our own, he is due for a thorough reappraisal. Too many know him only through textbooks that have enshrined his worst, featuring the banal maxims of "A Psalm of Life," the sugared sententiousness of "The Arrow and the Song," and the bland absurdities of "Excelsior" with its unintentionally comic quatrains ("'Oh stay,' the maiden said, 'and rest/Thy weary head upon this breast!'/ A tear stood in his bright blue eye/ But still he answered with a sigh/ 'Excelsior!'").

Newton Arvin's fairly recent *Longfellow: His Life and Work* is a good-sized step toward a fresh assessment, and Andrew Hilen's meticulously edited *The Letters of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* represents another and larger effort to establish the man instead of the myth, the instinctive poet rather than the too frequently facile poetaster.

Professor Hilen's project is a multivolume edition that will bring together for the first time letters written by the poet, most of which have never appeared in print. These first two volumes cover the period 1814-1843, from Longfellow's seventh to his thirty-sixth year, and contain 805 letters. The total amount of Longfellow's correspondence is staggering; during the last two decades of his life he wrote more letters than in all the fifty-five preceding years.

We can trace only a part of Longfellow's career through the detailed and undistinguished writings that compose these two books. In the first volume we see him as a schoolboy in Portland Academy, something of a prodigy, admitted to Bowdoin College before he is fifteen; a precocious linguist at nineteen who goes abroad to study Spanish, Italian, French, German, Dutch, and Danish; a teacher of languages at Bowdoin immediately after graduating; at twenty-four married to Judge Potter's beautiful daughter Mary, in whom he finds "the inestimable virtues of a pure heart and guileless disposition—qualities which excite an ardent affection." He returns to Europe to familiarize himself further with the literature of England, Scandinavia, Germany, and Holland, where his wife dies after a miscarriage; and, as the first volume closes, he takes up his duties as professor of modern languages at Harvard. So far there is little about the poet.

In the second volume, the "footprints on the sands of time" are a bit more pronounced. Longfellow meets Frances Appleton, makes her the heroine of a novel, *Hyperion*, proposes marriage and is rejected because she resents being "unveiled" in public. But, after a persistent five-year courtship, she consents, and as a wedding present her merchant father gives the couple the luxurious Craigie House, which had been Washington's headquarters in Cambridge. Longfellow has already achieved publication—besides *Hyperion* there have been a few textbooks and translations—but he does not make his début as a professional poet until his thirty-second year. He lectures, forms friendships with Charles Dickens and the German poet Ferdinand Freiligrath, and, as the volume ends, has suspended literary activities due to "an affection of the nerves" which prevents reading and writing.

What about the letters themselves? Alas, unlike most poets, Longfellow was not an impassioned, provocative, or even interesting letter-writer. His letters fail to move us because, although a courteous correspondent, he hated to write them. As a youth he informed his father that he actually and utterly abominated the business of composing a letter. "I write so exceedingly slow that it is really a waste of time to no purpose—neither I nor my correspondent can be wiser for what is written." The result, as might be expected, is that most of the letters are dull, packed with perfunctory descriptions, dutiful replies, and a vast flotsam of trivia. Professor Hilen concedes that nothing in them would lead one to believe that Longfellow would ever become "the best-known poet writing in English. They contain few statements of poetical ambition and only occasional allusions to poetic theory, and his comments on the poetry of others are rarely marked by critical perception."

The reader keeps on hoping that the letters will (perhaps unconsciously) disclose something of the inner life of the young and maturing poet. Professor Hilen tries to assure us; he believes the reader will tend to find that the letters "reveal Longfellow as having a keen and expansive mind." This not-too-captious reader cannot agree. Keen? At times. Expansive? Never. Chiefly what they reveal is a pleasant but certainly not penetrating mind.

As an appreciator of poetry, the young Longfellow liked verse that was both prim and platitudinous. He loved the sweet sentimentalities of Felicia Hemans, Letitia Landon, and Frances Sargent Osgood, author of "Call me pet names, dearest. Call me a bird!" As a thinker, he was conservative to the point of complacent conformity. As an observer of his country's political activities, he was, except for some rather prettified antislavery poems, passive rather than critical. There is scarcely anything to indicate that some day Longfellow would plunge his hands in native clay and mold it into such indigenous stuff as *The Song of Hiawatha, Paul Revere's Ride, The Courtship of Miles Standish,* and *The New England Tragedies.* Nor is there more than a hint that surprisingly, in a voice resembling Whitman's, Longfellow could say: "We want a national literature commensurate with our mountains and rivers, a national epic, a national drama in which scope shall be given to our gigantic ideas and to the unparalleled activity of our people."

Perhaps the succeeding volumes, containing letters written by Longfellow in his forties and fifties, will be more illuminating and possibly more enlivening.

—From a painting by G. P. A. Healy.

Frances Appleton Longfellow—she resented being unveiled in public.

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Vietnam

Continued from page 22

targets, which if destroyed, would have the effect of restraining or making more difficult the infiltration of men and supplies from North Vietnam into South Vietnam."

Salisbury replies: "So far as supply, reinforcement and provisioning of the South were concerned, I saw every day during my visit to Hanoi that this was going forward at a substantial rate."

Taylor: "I do believe that as one studies the map of North Vietnam and contemplates the broken bridges, the interrupted highways, the inoperable rail line, the air fields out of action, the ports which cannot be used, one is necessarily convinced that the air campaign has had a very important effect in restraining infiltration."

Salisbury: "Were the North Vietnamese sending south as much as they wanted? As much as the South needed? I could get no precise figures on this . . . Our own statistics on the movement of men from the North to the South appeared to be thoroughly confused. General Westmoreland insisted that the movement of Northern reinforcements in the South was going forward at a *higher* rate despite the bombing, a remarkable testimony, if true, to the endurance and energy of the North."

WE then come to the crux of this Administration's original argument, supported by General Taylor:

> It was to remind the leadership in Hanoi that . . . through the progressive, restrained application of forces by bombing, they would pay an ever-increasing price for a continuation of their aggression in the South . . . by the use of our air power, we could operate on [the enemy's] will and eventually create in the minds of the leadership of Hanoi a picture of the inevitability of defeat. . . .

That surely is the trump card of all proponents of air power. But Salisbury writes:

> What did I, in fact, observe in North Vietnam? A stiffening of national will rather than its weakening . . . This was not only my own observation. This was supported by foreign diplomats, both Western and Eastern, who had been continuously resident there during the whole period of bombing . . . So far as the Hanoi government was concerned, there was no sign that it was staggering toward the conference table. On the contrary, it appeared to have drawn upon the resources made available to it by its great Communist allies, China and the Soviet Union; it had mobilized its own population with remarkable skill and was carrying on the war fairly effectively.

The word may seem shocking, but Vietnam has become our colony. Our federal budget now puts nearly $30 billion a year into this plot of earth. The number of troops and government personnel stationed there approaches 500,000. Vietnam dominates our news, angers students, frightens parents, divides families, disturbs statesmen, and alarms our friends. Unless present conditions change, it will continue to be a source of deceptive and false statements from the government to the people—that danger against which the young President Madison warned an even younger republic.

"May I have the ladder back?"

Literary Scene

Continued from page 19

Golding: "Philosopher-novelists, like philosopher-kings, are imaginable but impractical"; and he "greets with relief Golding's least philosophical and most modest novel."

From London comes the intelligence that a printing contract just negotiated between the Mansell Information Publishing Co. of that city and the American Library Association is perhaps the biggest job since Gutenberg built his press. The contract involves a catalogue listing every book, and its author, published in the Western world from the invention of movable type up to 1952. There are 12,750,000 entries which will fill 610 volumes, each with more than 700 pages. Normal printing methods, it is explained in the *BBC London Letter*, would not suffice to produce such a catalogue as this.

> What we've done is to look at the whole problem from first principles. We've decided to develop a highly automatic camera which is at the core of the whole system. This camera accepts cards at the rate of about 600 an hour. They're fed in automatically at one end, and they come out at the other end unmarked and untouched. But in the course of going through this camera, the shutter has been operated by a system of mark-sensing which had been programmed at an earlier stage of the operation, and this mark-sensing says to the camera "photograph this bit of copy which is on me here" or "don't photograph this bit of copy," as the case may be.
>
> The catalogue of 16,000,000 cards exists partly in printed form, partly in typewritten form, and in some cases with a certain amount of manuscript work on the actual cards. The individual cards are looked at by trained staffs of cataloguers and they decide that such and such information may or may not be required to be reproduced —it may be inaccurate or out-of-date or extraneous—in which case the mark-sensing is not applied opposite that particular batch of copy. But rather more significantly what happens is, in this mark-sensing operation, that not merely can we not reproduce copy we don't want, but we can also leave out white space which would otherwise be reproduced. By deleting this white space we shall be able to reproduce this whole catalogue in 610 volumes, whereas by using the conventional method of twenty-one cards to a page lined up in three columns of seven, it would require over 1,000 volumes to reproduce the same material.

Mansell is all set for this job. It trained for it by cataloguing all 4,000,000 books in the British Museum.

—ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

LONELYHEART 4122. By Colin Watson. Putnam. $3.95.

REQUIEM IN UTOPIA. By Richard Starnes. Trident. $4.95.

Current Affairs

BLACK AND WHITE: A Study of U.S. Racial Attitudes Today. By William Brink and Louis Harris. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

THE JOB CORPS: Dollars and Dropouts. By Christopher Weeks. Little, Brown. $4.95.

NO PLACE TO DIE: The Agony of Viet Nam. By Hugh Mulligan. Murrow. $5.95.

Fiction

BEFORE THE GLORY ENDED. By Ursula Zilinsky. Lippincott. $6.50.

THE CROWN. By Francis Pollini. Putnam. $5.95.

THE FREEBOOTERS. By Elleston Trevor. Doubleday. $4.95.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN. By Margaret Drabble. Morrow. $3.95.

LA SATYRE. By Virginie des Rieux. World. $3.95.

THE HERO MACHINE. By Howard Berk. New American Library. $5.50.

LOVE TO THE IRISH. By Leatrice Fountain. Doubleday. $4.95.

MANUELA: La Caballeresa del sol. By Demetrio Aguilera Malta. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $6.95.

History

THE DEATH OF SLAVERY: The United States, 1837-65. By Elbert B. Smith. Univ. of Chicago Press. $5.

EGYPT. By Gordon Waterfield. Walker. $6.50.

THE EMERGENCE OF PAKISTAN. By Chaudhri Muhammad Ali. Columbia Univ. Press. $11.

FOOTNOTES TO THE CONGO STORY: An "Africa Report" Anthology. Edited by Helen Kitchen. Walker. $5.95.

SLAVERY IN THE AMERICAS: A Comparative Study of Virginia and Cuba. By Herbert S. Klein. Univ. of Chicago Press. $6.95.

A SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF THE JEWS. Volume XI: Citizen or Alien Conjurer; Volume XII: Economic Catalyst. By Salo Wittmayer Baron. Columbia Univ. Press. $10 each.

THE SUBMARINE AND SEA POWER. By Vice Admiral Sir Arthur Hezlet. Stein & Day. $12.50.

Literary History, Criticism

SHAKESPEARE AND THE COMMON UNDERSTANDING. By Norman Rabkin. Macmillan. Hardbound, $6.95. Paperback, $2.95.

THE WIT AND SATIRE OF BERNARD SHAW. By Fred Mayne. St. Martin's. $6.95.

Personal History

CASTLEREAGH. By C. J. Bartlett. Scribners. $5.95.

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL SEWALL. Edited by Harvey Wish. Putnam. $5.

EARL WARREN: A Political Biography. By Leo Katcher. McGraw-Hill. $8.50.

HEROD: Profile of a Tyrant. By Samuel Sandmel. Lippincott. $5.95.

INDIRA GANDHI. By Anand Mohan. Meredith. $6.95.

THE PRINCESS. By Gunnar Mattsson. Dutton. $3.95.

TEN FIRST LADIES OF THE WORLD. By Pauline Frederick. Meredith. $4.95.

TOJO: The Last Banzai. By Courtney Browne. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.95.

TWO LEGGINGS: The Making of a Crow Warrior. By Peter Nabakov. Crowell. $6.95.

VARGAS OF BRAZIL. By John W. F. Dulles. Univ. of Texas Press. $8.50.

THE WORLD OF JIMMY BRESLIN. Annotated by James G. Bellows and Richard C. Wald. Viking. $5.95.

Political Science

THE CONGRESSIONAL PROCESS: Strategies, Rules, and Procedures. By Lewis A. Froman, Jr. Little, Brown. $5.

HAROLD J. LASKI AND THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO: An Introduction Together with the Original Text and Prefaces by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. Pantheon. $4.95.

Psychology, Sociology

PSYCHOTHERAPY AND EXISTENTIALISM: Selected Papers on Logotherapy. By Dr. Viktor Frankl. Washington Square. $4.95.

SEX AND SOCIETY IN SWEDEN. By Birgitta Linnér with Richard J. Litell. Pantheon. $5.95.

STINKING CREEK. By John Fetterman. Dutton. $5.95.

Religion, Philosophy

BASIC MODERN PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By Frederick Ferré. Scribners. $7.50.

DEEDS AND RULES IN CHRISTIAN ETHICS. By Paul Ramsey. Scribners. $5.95.

FOOTPRINTS IN A DARKENED FOREST. By Fulton J. Sheen. Meredith. $4.95.

THE LIFE OF JESUS. By Marvello Craveri. Grove. $7.95.

MERLEAU-PONTY. By Albert Rabil, Jr. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

THE WILL TO POWER. By Friedrich Nietzsche. Edited by Walter Kaufmann. Random House. $10.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

WIT TWISTER #14

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing — — — —
Until their — — — — run over!
Tonight, we'll — — — — upon this — — — —;
Tomorrow, — — — — for Dover!

(Answers: *pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

•

Now try this Wit Twister:
They peer through — — — — —
within the cabin warm,
But shivers creep along their — — — — — and heads.
They see the — — — — — bow before the storm,
And oaks torn, groaning, from their earthy beds.

(Answer on page 36)

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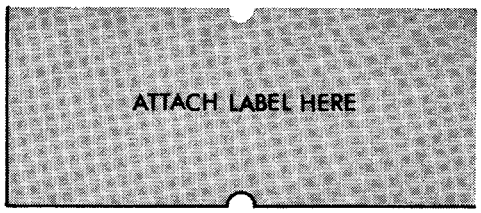

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The Educated Eater's Baedeker

I SEE WHERE the Mobil people have been pouring oil on the troubled sauces of American gastronomy. Mobil, which has aspirations to be the Michelin of America, puts out guidebooks on the United States that rank hotels and restaurants, issuing judgments on some 22,000 restaurants and rating them with stars. One star is the lowest and five stars the highest.

There are twenty-seven five-star restaurants, hotels, motels, and resorts in this year's Mobil sweepstakes, and the other day representatives of all twenty-seven convened at New York's spiffy "21" Club to hear the results of a poll. The world's greatest gourmets and/or gourmands (they were rated together), in the opinion of the chosen twenty-seven—at least I think it was in their opinion—turned out to be such diverse characters as Diamond Jim Brady, Pope John XXIII, the Aga Khan, Lucius Beebe, Alfred Hitchcock, and King Henry VIII. Receiving votes, but out of the money, were Charles de Gaulle, Phyllis Diller, the late Elsa Maxwell, the late Ian Fleming, and the late Madame du Barry. Good Grief! What happened to Talleyrand, Escoffier, and Toots Shor?

The experts did not limit the benefits of their expertise. They also rated the best restaurants outside the United States, a poll which produced Maxim's in Paris, Mirabelle in London, and the Côte d'Or in Saulieu, on the Burgundy road. The best hotels, in their opinion, are the Beau Rivage in Ouchy, just outside Lausanne, the Ritz in Lisbon, and the Ritz in Madrid.

With those opinions off their chests, the nation's choice in the field of epicurea and hotel-keeping sat down to listen to Sylvan Barnet, Jr., assistant director of the United States Travel Service, who predicted that by 1975 there will be 16,000,000 foreign tourists visiting America every year. By then one out of every ten American motorists will be from a foreign country.

That might be as good a time as any for everybody else to get out of town. What I had in mind was a culinary pilgrimage to the far corners of the world—to Darjeeling for the tea, to Chantilly for the cream, to Brussels for the sprouts. And who could leave out the two places that gave America its basic diet—Frankfurt and Hamburg?

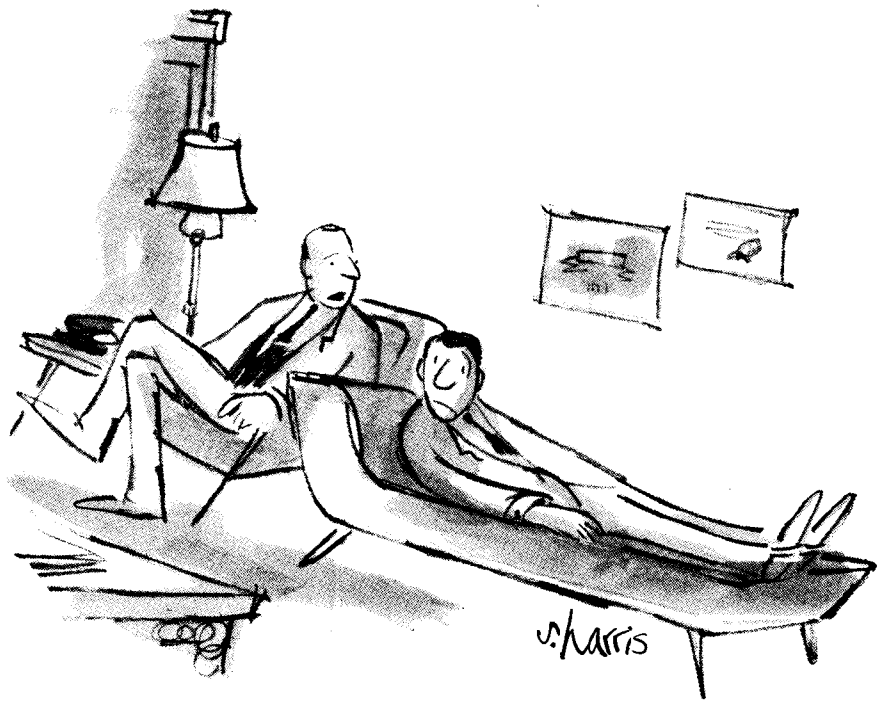
What chef, amateur or Cordon Bleu—indeed, what French schoolboy—does not know the story of Poulet à la Marengo? It was in Marengo, a village in Piedmont in northwestern Italy, on the 14th of June 1800, that Bonaparte defeated the Austrians. For the victory dinner Dunand, his chef, could find naught but three eggs, four tomatoes, a few crayfish, a hen, some garlic, and some oil. From this he produced a chicken surrounded by eggs and crayfish and smothered in a sauce made from brandy from Bonaparte's flask.

Chefs have been making Poulet à la Marengo in one form or another ever since. As for Marengo, it is renowned as much for the poulet as for the battle. On the road between Alessandria and Tortona, it sits in an area strung with medieval villages, all of them near Europe's highest mountains, Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa and Cervino, which is what the Italians call the Matterhorn. The valleys of Sestrière, Courmayeur, and Breuil-Cervinia are well known in winter, but they are summer resorts as well. It would be interesting, should any pilgrim wander nearby, to learn if they make Poulet à la Marengo in Marengo.

Worcester, of course, is very conscious of its Worcestershire sauce, which is manufactured at the Lea and Perrins works. It was just 130 years ago that Sir Marcus Sandys, the retiring governor of Bengal, arrived back in England bringing with him a recipe he had found in India. There the cooks sprinkled this piquant sauce over fish and meat, much to the liking of many overseas Britons, but especially of Sir Marcus. He persuaded John Lea and William Perrins, owners of a chemist's shop, to try to duplicate the recipe, and they did, perfecting what they called Original Worcestershire Sauce. It is made today by dozens of companies under all sorts of labels. The best known industry in Worcester is making sauce, but the city also manufactures gloves, Worcester Royal Porcelain, and is equally famous for its Three Choirs Festival, a summer sing that began in 1715. Actually, it is something of a round-robin in which the choirs, not only of Worcester, but of Hereford and Gloucester, also participate, the festival alternating between the three towns each year. Music lovers convene from all over the world, and although the hotels aren't very special, the scenery is handsome and visitors, as well as Worcester's saucemakers, like to board boats at Worcester Bridge and float off on excursions.

Partisans of finnan haddie—and I am one—might like to plan a pilgrimage to the tiny fishing village of Findon, which is six miles south of Aberdeen on the east coast of Scotland. There once was a fire in Findon and after it had been put out someone digging through the charred debris found a haddock which had been smoked by the blaze. It smelled so good this curious soul had to taste it. Indeed, it tasted even better than it smelled. Smoking Findon's haddock became a new curing process, and the dish, known among Briton's slang-makers as finnan haddie, became an epicure's delight, especially when creamed and poured over toast for breakfast.

As for Aberdeen, it is the third-largest city of Scotland, and besides produc-



"That's no dream. That's last night's episode of Batman."

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ing haddock from the nearby seas it is a resort with two miles of sandy beach. The breezes blow off the North Sea, but the hotels are good and the inland country is ribboned with salmon rivers and sprinkled with grouse moors. It is about 60 miles to Braemar, the highlands home of the Royal Family, who stay at Balmoral Castle when in Scotland. When they are elsewhere the castle may be visited by serfs and commoners.

Resorts somehow have a way of producing comestibles or potables, as witness the Saratoga chip, now more popularly known as the potato chip. A persnickety guest who was staying at Moon's Lake House at Saratoga Springs in the nineteenth century kept sending back orders of French fried potatoes complaining they were too thick. This so vexed the chef, named George Crum, that he sliced a potato into slivers, dropped them into hot fat, and served them. The chef's retort was intended to be sardonic, but it proved to be a great invention, and made him famous.

Evian, the lovely French resort on Lake Geneva, produces still water that is sent all over the world, even appearing in cans on Air France's distant routes in Africa and the East. Vichy's mineral waters, which brought acclaim to this French spa of 30,000 citizens, were almost eclipsed by politics during the war. From 1940 until 1944 Vichy was the seat of the Pétain government. But Vichy's waters were used as far back as Roman times, and have always been known as a palliative for stomach and liver problems. As a spa in the modern sense, it has eclipsed its own days as a watering hole for invalids. Now it is a gay summer resort with a grand casino for gambling, stars who come direct from Paris to entertain, golf courses, tennis courts, and sailing on the man-made lake of Vichy. The hotels open in May and close in September, but many of them, despite an ebullient air, arrange dietetic menus, serving the best French food with the least calories—if that is indeed possible.

FRANCE, of course, is literally sprinkled with towns and villages which have been made famous by wines and cheeses, among them Port-Salut, which came from the Abbey of Port du Salut near Laval, to say nothing of Brie, Roquefort, Pont l'-Evêque, and Camembert. The Roquefort season lasts from May to September, and while many districts make it, the true odiferous Roquefort is made of ewe's milk, mixed with powdered bread crumbs, and allowed to turn a fine shade of green in Roquefort's cool caves.

Camembert, the soft cheese, was invented in 1790. Thicker and smaller than Brie, it has a season lasting from October to June. Everybody makes Camembert, even Borden, but the real stuff comes from the town of the same name near Vimoutiers in the Orne. Nor is the inventor forgotten. She was a farmer's wife named Mme. Harel, and a statue of her stands in the town of Camembert, which she made famous, at least among cheese-nibblers.

Thankfully for the French, the smelliest of all cheeses, Limburger, is made over the border in the Belgian town of Limburg. Gorgonzola comes from a small village near Milan in the Po Valley, along the road to Bergamo. At the time of its invention, an accident really, cows were put to pasture in the Lomellina, south of Milan, and then herded north to Gorgonzola, where they were milked. The farmers there made a cheese which was neither cured nor veined. They sold the cheeses at a market near the village vintner's. When they were short of cash they traded cheese for bar chits. Soon the barkeep had so many cheeses he had to put them in the cellar, where, with age, they developed the nice green mottling that is the hallmark of good Gorgonzola.

BESIDES tasting Gorgonzola in its own home town, wanderers can roam through Lombardy, a lovely land dotted with mountain lakes, among them Lake Como and Lake Maggiore. The hills level out to a plain split by the Po. Lombardy is a huge area of 9,000 square miles with more than 7,000,000 people, the greatest concentration of them in Milan. While it is an industrial city, Milan is neither Pittsburgh nor Gary, Indiana, for it is graced with such elegant hotels as the famed Principe è Savoia, with its famed Duomo; La Scala; and the elegant Savini restaurant, where I was once served a salad of raw forest mushrooms, slivered Provolone, and highly pungent slices of white truffle.

Those standbys of American culture and cuisine, the hamburger and the hot dog, derive, to be sure, from Hamburg, the German port on the North Sea, and from Frankfurt, the German city on the Main. In the time that Hamburg traded busily with the Russian ports in the Baltic, a favored dish was shredded raw meat, or what we now mix with capers, a raw egg, and seasoning and call steak tartare. Even the French call hamburger *steak à l'Allemande* (steak German style), but the Americans slapped it inside a bun and made it a citizen.

Although almost everyone agrees that the frankfurter is truly a product of Frankfurt, there are many arguments over how it got here. One version credits Antonio Feuchtwanger, who emigrated from Bavaria, fetched up in St. Louis, and there, during the 1880s, sold hot frankfurters to the famished. Since they were too hot to handle he gave his patrons cotton gloves. Harry Stevens, who ran the concessions at Eastern ball parks, is credited with an assist by many for supposedly telling his hawkers to walk the aisles of the old Polo Grounds in New York on a cold day and shout, "Red hots, getchyer red hots!" At one point or another, a cartoonist named Tad Dorgan depicted a "red hot" as a dachshund wrapped in a long bun. In many parts of Europe, notably in Denmark, where they are called *varme pølser,* the hot dog is long but the roll is short, placed there more as a handle than a proper accompaniment to the frankfurter. Nathan's in Coney Island is considered, among connoisseurs, the American fountainhead of the hot dog, although Katz's on New York's Houston Street became a chic rendezvous when Jackie Kennedy showed up there with Mike Nichols.

The Mobil people, alas, gave no certificate to the inventor of the martini, which is said to have been named for Martinez, California, an industrial town 18 miles northeast of Oakland. One Jerry Thomas, the author of the *Bon Vivant's Companion*, said he invented martinis during a stint as bartender at San Francisco's Occidental Hotel in the early 1860s. He concocted it for a chilled patron who was about to embark for Martinez. The chilled and the weary have been warmed and cheered ever since.

—HORACE SUTTON.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. pageant. 2. printer's ink. 3. life. 4. jet. 5. cue. 6. seventeen. 7. romance. 8. argosy. 9. time. 10. ramparts. 11. look. 12. poetry. 13. the nation. 14. fortune. 15. Saturday Review. Nos. 1, 5, 9, 11, 14 are from Shakespeare; 2, Hillyer; 3, Arnold; 4, Milton; 6. Tennyson; 7, 8, 12, Keats; 10. F. Scott Key; 13, Prior; 15. Gilbert.

(Correction: In the June 17th Literary I.Q. puzzle the ninth composer should have been Donizetti.—David M. Glixon.)

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Illustrious Dance Alumni of "P.A."

—*Photographs on this page by V. Sladon.*

The George Balanchine ballet classic, *Serenade*.

GRADUATION TIME is a very special occasion for a very special group of teen-agers trained in a very special public school. This week's graduation exercises will bring to a close the nineteenth year of New York City's School of Performing Arts, a unique institution which provides academic instruction along with training in dance, music, and drama on the high school level.

As it enters its twentieth year, the school may look back proudly not only upon a remarkable record which shows that something like 95 per cent of its dance students have, upon leaving school, secured for themselves paying jobs as professional dancers, but also upon an amazing number of internationally famous alumni. Not everyone on this roster of stars received a diploma (some were actually expelled for following impulses which were slightly more than prankish), but all studied their ABC's and their ballet, modern dance, ethnic, and other forms of theater dance in the aging, dreary building on West 46th Street, a half-block from the mecca for dancers, Broadway.

Lights have gone up on Broadway for a onetime dance major, Liza Minnelli, who has made the big time as a singer-actress-dancer just like her mother, Judy Garland. Eartha Kitt is also a famous product of the School of Performing Arts. But, you will say, and with justification, that although these glamorous ladies do dance, they are not principally dancers. Will you then accept Edward Villella, Bruce Marks, Eleanor d'Antuono, Arthur Mitchell, and some more of that distinguished ilk?

Villella, of course, is even more than one of the two *premiers danseurs* (the other is Jacques d'Amboise) of the New York City Ballet. He is, very probably, one of the great ballet virtuosi of our era, right in the class with the Bolshoi Ballet's Vasiliev or the Royal Ballet's Rudolf Nureyev or Denmark's Erik Bruhn. In addition, he is a fine actor-dancer (witness *Brigadoon*, either on stage or on TV).

Arthur Mitchell? The first American Negro to achieve stellar rank in a major ballet company (in modern dance there have been many) and, if my memory is as dependable as I think it is, the first Negro ballet artist to be the subject of an unannounced, unexploited, unforced poster representing integration in which he was paired with the white Diana Adams (a pose from George Balanchine's great *Agon*, to music of Stravinsky) for the New York City Ballet.

Quickly now, let us look at what has happened to the incredible array of those who studied dance at the School of Performing Arts as they have moved into the separate but related worlds of ballet, modern dance, ethnic dance, nightclubs, movies, television, stage shows. D'Antuono has become a ballerina with the American Ballet Theatre, and Bruce Marks has emerged as one of the best classical ballet dancers you will see anywhere (also American Ballet Theatre).

THE same company's Eliot Feld, who has told me that he was almost expelled several times for superprankishness, in the month of May of this year turned to choreography (American Ballet Theatre's spring season at Lincoln Center) and enjoyed a choreographic triumph almost equal to that achieved by Jerome Robbins with his *Fancy Free* two decades before. Feld's *Harbinger* heralded his tomorrows, but his past had been the School of Performing Arts.

Edward Verso, an electrifying young performer, belongs to the American Ballet Theatre, too, but, along with Feld, earlier made his mark with Robbins's *Ballets U.S.A.*, which was a smash in Europe. And let us look also at Anthony Blum of the New York City Ballet; Brunilda Ruiz, the top dramatic ballerina of the Harkness Ballet; Robert Powell, who has won legions of fans with his dancing in the Martha Graham company; the equally brilliant Louis Falco of José Limón's troupe; Norman Walker, a drama major, who turned into one of the most important choreographers and dancers in the entire field of American modern dance; Walker's partner, Cora Cahan; that splendid Spanish dancer, Carlos de la Camara and his sister, Myrna; Bill Louther, the dazzling Negro artist in Donald McKayle's company; Ronald Field, choreographer for Broadway musicals and clubs; Jaime Rogers, featured

David Wood's folk-flavored modern dance, *Country Style*.

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with Sammy Davis, Jr., on Broadway; Bruce Becker, nephew of the late Helen Tamiris, and a dancer in Broadway musicals and modern dance troupes.

There are many other important dance names which have come from the School of Performing Arts, and from this year's graduates there will be more. Who will it be? Perhaps Christian Holder, nephew of the renowned dancer-choreographer-singer-painter Geoffrey Holder from Trinidad. Young Holder was this year's prize-winner in ballet. Larry Landau wins his award this week for his excellence in Hindu dance as a member of the school's Indo-American Performing Group (founded and trained by Matteo); and in modern dance the winner of the $500 Tamiris award (given annually in perpetuity by an anonymous donor) is Gary Chryst, who is instructed to receive it in "great and grave responsibility" in keeping with the spirit of one of the founders of modern dance, Tamiris herself.

SOME of the dance greats which the dance department of the School of Performing Arts has produced (or will) may not earn their diplomas, but they are all candidates for performing achievement. Some, as I've indicated, can be naughty or academically lazy. Dr. Rachael Dunaven Yocom, chairman of the Dance Department, says that "scholarship, citizenship, and a professional attitude" are required of her talented charges—selected annually by a committee of dance experts at highly demanding auditions—but that the truly talented ones, no matter what they did, would be expelled "only over my dead body!" In pre-Yocom days, a talented youngster who has now attained international fame was expelled for ripping out a piece of school plumbing (with the aid of confederates) in a moment of excess energy not channelled into *entrechats* or *grands jetés*. Today, expulsion would not have happened. Says the silver-haired, athletic, ex-Olympic Games entrant Dr. Yocom, "Hell, you can replace pipes, but you can't replace talent."

This week's graduation exercises at the school, which was the dream and the triumph of its now-retired first principal, Dr. Franklin J. Keller, will certainly represent a theatrical launching pad for another group of theatronauts. Perhaps a few of them tinkered with the plumbing in the ancient school building (a new home at Lincoln Center is in the works) or sassed a teacher or had some academic vicissitudes, but the public will never know—that is, if Dr. Yocom's opinion that dance talent is a rare and a beautiful thing prevails. A look at the shining record of dance achievement by the School of Performing Arts should convince anyone that she is absolutely right. —WALTER TERRY.

Generals or Musicians?

THREE PERIODS of history—ancient, the nineteenth century, and contemporary—meeting briefly on television during the Arab-Israeli war, produced a strange, moving commentary on man's tragic quest for peace. On Monday evening, June 5, the networks were reporting heavy clashes between Egyptian and Israeli forces in the Negev and Sinai. CBS-TV was carrying a special report on the Mideast crisis, gathering together late news bulletins, old films of former Arab-Israeli fighting, and commentary by a military expert on the progress of the desert battles.

Channel 12 in Philadelphia (WHYY), the noncommercial station, coincidentally with the CBS report, had scheduled (in advance and quite by accident) a film of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, led by Joseph Krips, in a special performance in Tel Aviv of Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 (*Chorale*). This viewer kept switching from the local CBS channel 10 (WCAU-TV) to the educational station, unwilling to forgo the pleasure of a full-scale television performance of Beethoven's work, yet impelled to seek the latest news and evaluation of the military engagements and the U.N.'s cease-fire efforts. The double exposure achieved an ironic climax in the dramatic finale, "The Hymn to Joy."

The baritone proclaimed the dominating theme in the words: "Men throughout the world are brothers . . . In the haven of thy wings." Musicians and singers in an idealistic hymn to brotherhood—at the very moment that many men and women of the orchestra and chorus, possibly, had laid down their instruments, taken up guns, and were killing or being killed in defense of a homeland in which, if the choice were theirs, the citizenry would infinitely rather make music than war. As the CBS report told of early Israeli victories, the image of the small nation reflected by the orchestra was far from warlike. Conductor Krips bounced imperceptibly with smiling joy as he beamed at his players and singers. Indeed, of all the vivid cast on TV during the ongoing crisis, the most unwarlike appeared to be the Israeli Minister of Defense, General Moshe Dayan.

The outstanding quality projected by this incredibly successful military strategist and one-eyed warrior is an ebullient, childlike charisma of happiness. The contemporary image on television of peace-loving men fighting wars in the Holy Land is a mirror of Biblical time. Nehemiah (Old Testament), the scholars assert, was endowed with unusual energy and, presumably, with exceptional charm. Like General Dayan, he served Israel with "rare single-mindedness." This cup-bearer to Artaxerxes Longimanus (465-424 B.C.) was permitted by Persian authorities to return to Jerusalem and rebuild its walls.

Geshem, an Arabian, was among the local enemies of the rebuilders of Zion. He mocked, scorned, despised, and tried to slay Nehemiah, his royal bodyguard, and Judean enlisted men. "Every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon," reports Nehemiah in his first-person, on-the-spot account of the successful repairing of the wall.

The uncanny bridges that history builds between past and present were evident also in the debates in the Security Council of the U.N. Nehemiah's enemies, in seeking to abort the wall reconstruction in Palestine, sent messages and letters to him, accusing him of trying to be king. If the walls were left unbuilt, Arab, Edomite, or Ammonite raiders could attack the Holy City at will. "Come now therefore, and let us take counsel together," they urged. To which Nehemiah, like Israeli representatives in the United Nations, replied: "There are no such things done as thou sayest, but thou feignest them out of thine own heart." He told his enemies, "I cannot come down . . . I am doing a great work . . . why should the work cease?"

The contemporary parallel departs here from the ancient. Israel talked in the halls of the United Nations, but it also fought; and it is prepared, apparently, to continue doing both, if necessary, in its struggle to pursue the works of peace. As for the nineteenth-century Beethoven, the schools were closed on the day of his funeral, March 26, 1827, and 20,000 people turned out. A stranger asked an old woman at a fruit store what the commotion was all about. "Don't you know?" she said. "They are burying the General of the musicians." Between the ancient and the modern Zion stand men of all nations and races, struggling with the dichotomy that divides them, one from another and each from himself. Which would we all rather be—generals or musicians? —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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The "Convegno Toscanini"

FLORENCE, ITALY

OF THE MAJOR cities in Italy where a *Convegno Toscanini* to mark the hundredth anniversary of his birth might have been convened, Florence is among the least logical. Only Rome (possibly Genoa or Naples) would be lower on the list of those cities with Toscanini associations of a meaningful sort, including Milan, Turin, Bologna, or even Parma, where he was born. But there it was, as an adjunct to the 30th Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, and there we were, the participants in this *Studi Toscaniniani,* to add a few hundred thousand words more to this much-discussed subject.

Of the many elements that entered into the crossfire of talk and opinion, reminiscence and observation, intense subjectivity and relative objectivity, far from the least remarkable was the city itself. To the casual eye, Florence has all but recovered from the fearful disaster of November 4, 1966, a date which will live forever in the minds of those who watched the Arno become a lake rather than a river. Blocks away from the now meandering stream, head-high plaques mark the point the surge attained at that particular intersection or piazza. Few shops are without a photograph showing the canal its *via* became before the waters receded. Most are bright and clean again, but when a proud, long-established dealer in prints apologizes for the thinness of his stock and shows you a different kind of "morning after" photo with the precious contents of his cabinets literally washed away, then you realize that the brave front hides many deep scars.

It was, indeed, a point of pride that this 30th May Festival go on as scheduled, and go on it did, with plentiful reasons for pride in the outcome. There were no Florentine experts among the twenty-four-or-so participants who took part in the five days of morning and afternoon sessions (one day was devoted to a pilgrimage to Parma for those who had not made it on their own), but numerous other places, languages, and national characteristics came into play along the way.

There was, for example, the German-speaking Hungarian scholar who analyzed Toscanini's performance of the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven (*"frage und antwort, frage und antwort"*) by means of the recording, a pinned-up chart of thematic quotations, and a handy piano on which to illustrate a point or two. There was the Italian-speaking English critic who propounded the view that Toscanini's appeal to the English was related to his fine performance of Elgar's *Enigma Variations* and the popular admiration for his "soberness and honesty." There was the Polish-born analyst-conductor now resident in Paris who stated, in all seriousness, "nothing existed for Toscanini except the *objective* text of the score." And there was the American-speaking American participant (the undersigned) who traced Toscanini's New York activities to the conclusion that all three such affiliations—with the Metropolitan Opera, the Philharmonic Orchestra, and the NBC Symphony—ended, to some degree or other, unhappily.

Without question, the most meaningful and informative comments came from those Italian participants who had known him longest, thus known him best. Emilio Radius, a cultivated journalist with a fine feeling for a phrase, played brilliantly over the surface of *Toscanini a Milano.* "On the whole, Toscanini liked staying in Milan," said Radius. "He would not have minded a bit more restraint on the part of his admirers, but he felt the enthusiasm of the Milanese was sincere. He wished they had a more serious understanding of music. Still, ingenuousness is to be preferred over conceit."

Radius sketched skillfully the manner in which, during the Twenties, Toscanini created a kind of artistic dictatorship counter to Mussolini's political one. He did not meddle with politics, Radius said, he "merely rejected the whole policy of fascism." And, in 1946, with La Scala in ruins, there came at least the termination of "the sort of endless intermission" when Toscanini performed in Bayreuth, in Salzburg, in London and New York, but never in Italy. "The return of Toscanini was regarded as . . . a time when peace and the dignity of citizens would be restored, work would become profitable again, and entertainments legitimate. Toscanini therefore became in the eyes of the Italians the symbol of all these blessings."

Filippo Sacchi, veteran critic and author of one of the best books on Toscanini (*The Magic Baton*), spoke at length and with copious illustrations on "Toscanini and the Art of Staging Opera." He cited chapter, verse, and line of Toscanini's gospel: Each man in the chain of operatic responsibility—scene designer, choreographer, stage technicians—was to do his own job of preparation, but when the production came to the stage, the final act of integration and inspiration was the Maestro's, which is to say, Toscanini's. "Between him and the characters," observed Sacchi, "absolutely no one was allowed to intervene. If Mimi had not understood exactly how she must crawl along the floor searching for the key, it was he who would jump onto the stage to illustrate the movement, on his knees, for her benefit. In the same way, he would let himself fall to the ground in order to show Otello how he must do so after the death of Desdemona.

"And in *Turandot,* he would first run to the top of the steps to illustrate how the cruel Princess should bend downward toward the tenor in a gesture of challenging contempt, and immediately afterwards he would rush down again and, supine on the floor, show the tenor how to writhe about in desire and despair . . . and, just as he mimed the gestures, so he checked breath con-

(*Continued on page* 51)

Front row (l to r): Mosco Carner, critic; baritone Mariano Stabile; sopranos Mafalda Favero, Toti Dal Monte, and Rosetta Pampanini. Second row, Countess Wally Castelbarco, Toscanini's older daughter, and Anita Colombo, his long-time secretary. Visible over Miss Colombo's left shoulder, Irving Kolodin.

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The Word Is Hope

DESPITE the professed concern of official alarmists that the United States' entry at the Moscow Film Festival next week (if, in this crisis-ridden world, there *is* a Moscow Film Festival next week) does not present in glowing oils a full-length portrait of America the beautiful, less self-conscious citizens might well rejoice that the selection fell to *Up the Down Staircase*, a deeply moving adaptation of the Bel Kaufman best seller that began as an article in these very pages ["From a Teacher's Wastebasket," *SR*, Nov. 17, 1962]. America's apologists seem to feel that there is no middle ground between Walt Disney and *The Blackboard Jungle*; but Alan Pakula and Robert Mulligan, with a strong assist from screenwriter Tad Mosel, have found a broad area that is neither pop nor pap, but a vibrant affirmation of those specific qualities that we as Americans most dearly cherish.

All of this Mosel has worked into a script that uses the sketches and incidents from the original book as a graph to chart the successes and failures of neophyte teacher Sandy Dennis in her first semester at New York's (mythical) Calvin Coolidge High School. It is a run-down school in a poor neighborhood, overcrowded and understaffed, a place where pedagogy, of necessity, runs a distant second to policing—and the filling in of endless forms. The classrooms are a teacher's nightmare, a composite of students who would like to learn and others simply marking time until they can get their working papers. But it is a teacher's job to break through indifference and hostility. And *Up the Down Staircase* shows, with heartwarming conviction, that it can be done.

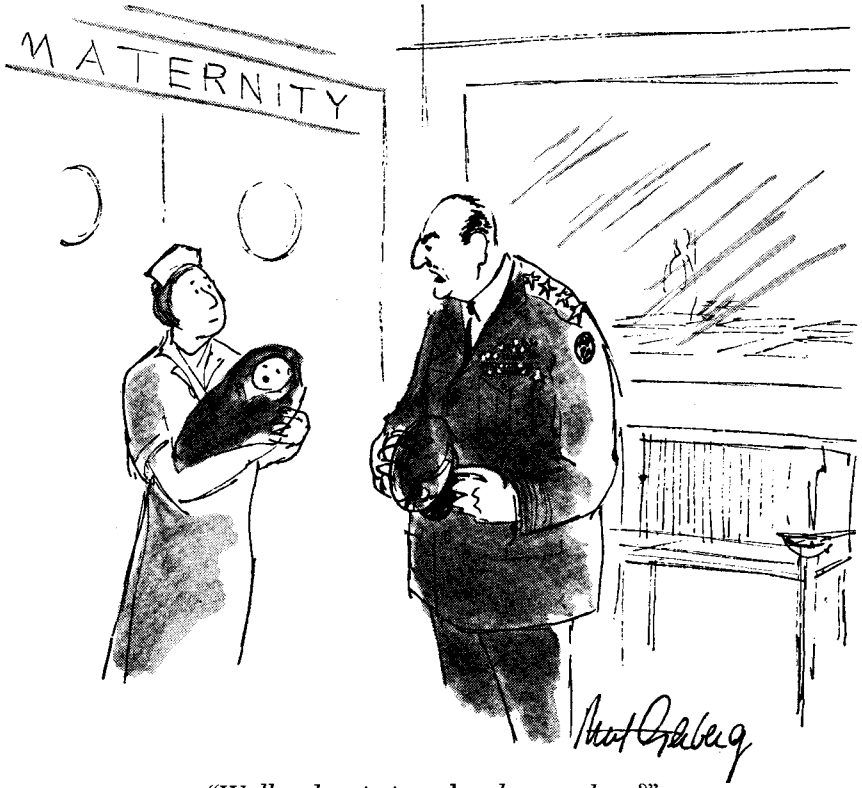
From this summary, it is obvious that Miss Dennis's young teacher could have ended up a pedagogical Pollyanna. Happily, none of the talents in this film have let that happen. Mosel's perceptive screenplay is filled with sharply drawn and wholly credible people. Furthermore, by making the school the focal point of the entire film, by playing every scene within its walls and the tenement block that skirts them, Mosel avoids the dilutions and almost inevitable sweetening that would have come from any less oblique approach to his teachers' and students' home life and backgrounds. But even this could have failed had not Pakula and Mulligan (who earlier made *To Kill a Mockingbird*) insisted on doing all of their major photography on location, in the classrooms and corridors of an actual New York high school; and had they been less astute in their casting. Many of the young performers stepped directly from the classroom to the camera—or, as in the case of Jose Rodriguez, directly from the pages of Bel Kaufman's book to the screen. Under Mulligan's skillful guidance, not one of these youngsters displays an iota of self-consciousness; and plain, plumpish Ellen O'Mara, hopelessly in love with her English teacher, quite simply tears your heart out.

Perhaps the most difficult aspect of Mulligan's assignment, however, was to match professional actors to his amateurs. In the main, by using such Broadway and TV reliables as Sorrell Booke, Eileen Heckart, Roy Poole, and Ruth White, he has succeeded admirably. All manage to turn recognizable types into sympathetic human beings. The only exception—but a major one—is Patrick Bedford, whose portrait of a vain, self-centered, heartless English teacher stands away from the rest of the film precisely because it is so theatrical. On the other hand, Sandy Dennis, in the central role, is a constant delight—fluffy, unsure of herself, but utterly determined to give to her students her own special love, the love of learning. When the light breaks through, her reward is tremendous. And it is the crowning virtue of this film that every member of the audience understands, and delights in, her ultimate triumph.

Unfortunately, no such shadow of doubt ever hangs over the outcome of a James Bond movie. No one supposes for a moment that he will not rout the evil forces of SMERSH. The questions are simply how, and how long. In Bond's latest escapade, *You Only Live Twice* (in which Sean Connery, who was momentarily deposed in *Casino Royale*, reemerges as the one authentic 007), the wait for the inevitable is mitigated by what is surely the series' most intelligible script (contributed by Roald Dahl), some pungent dialogue, and marvelously impressive gadgetry.

In the interests of a third power, SMERSH has perfected a space machine that can gobble up U.S. and Soviet space capsules. Unless Bond can destroy their base, war is inevitable. Since all trails lead to Japan, thither our hero is dispatched; and there, in the bowels of an extinct volcano as large as two sound stages back to back, he ultimately thwarts the villainous No. 1. Be it noted that Donald Pleasence, contrary to his name, plays this role so well that, unlike the other villains in the piece, he is not fed to the voracious piranha fish in his underground stronghold. As in the old Fu Manchu films, his fate is not specifically disclosed, leaving him a suitably formidable future adversary for Bond.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



"Well, what is it—a hawk or a dove?"

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Olivier Triumphant

LONDON.

ONE DIFFICULTY with the task of creating a repertory company is that in order to attract and keep a large number of talented performers, it is essential that each has the opportunity to play several substantial roles. This means that a small-cast play is a luxury and cannot stay in the company's repertoire for long.

A cruel example of this is the National Theatre's current production of Strindberg's *The Dance of Death*. Because it contains the single most splendid performance in the illustrious four-year history of the organization, one would expect it to be maintained for several seasons. But because the performance is by Sir Laurence Olivier, director of the National Theatre, and because he puts the development of the organization he leads ahead of any personal acclaim his acting may receive, it will probably be dropped shortly to make way for new, larger-cast productions. Therefore a rush trip to London was obligatory.

Olivier's stark portrayal of a schizoid, aging Swedish Army Captain fighting to sustain his ferocity and arrogance with animal disregard for other people is, as it turns out, a superb and mysterious creation. Whereas one felt the same actor's celebrated Othello demonstrated how much he could do by working at it, his Captain reveals how much he can do by relaxing with it.

Although the island garrison where Part I of the play occurs is dour, Olivier's Captain begins quite cheerfully. He seems a husband eager to enjoy life's small pleasures and to joke away the larger negative aspects of his existence. When he talks merrily of getting in a supply of wine for their silver wedding anniversary, he lifts the miserable reality of an unhappy marriage into sardonic absurdity. Comic, too, is his irritable unwillingness to admit that his eyesight or his ability to do simple addition are weakening, and Olivier has found a wonderfully bravura way to pour himself a drink that is patently designed to conceal the Captain's incipient arthritis.

Beneath these amusing adjustments, however, Olivier lets simmer a subconscious fierceness which first shows itself in the way his head hangs forward like that of some fear-maddened beast determined to destroy unreasoningly anything weaker than he is, but willing to become subservient to a stronger force. Then we get a flash of this underlying dangerousness as he becomes momentarily vehement in protesting that he has taken his wife *five* times to Copenhagen. A little later he almost explodes as the repressed thought of the possibility of living alone rises to the surface. Finally his wife, Alice, and her would-be lover, Kurt, get him to show off his virility by dancing to "The Entry of the Boyars," and Olivier lets us first see his pride-infected vigor in an absurdly elegant dance. But as he dances, the failure of his aging body causes fear to creep in and he topples over uncomprehendingly.

FROM this point on, the Captain becomes an illogical animal no longer able to repress unpleasantness, but forced to face his fear of death. After the first fright has passed, Olivier lets the manic forces take over. He is wounded and dangerous as demoniacally he seeks out the sadistic-masochistic satisfactions of fighting with his wife. He senses that she and Kurt may ally against him, and he retaliates against them with full force. Olivier is at his best as he gloatingly announces that he is not going to die but is going to divorce his wife so that he can "change this unfortunate union for one that suits me better—in other words, unite my destiny with that of some woman who together with devotion to her husband may also bring into this household *youth* and, may I say, a little *BUU-TT-EEE!*" In a frenzy of elation, he smashes his wife's picture, breaks whiskey bottles, dumps out everything on his desk, including his own spectacles, and mockingly licks a packet of old love letters.

After this eruption, there is a temporary calm as the Captain lapses back to sanity and appears oblivious of having done what he has done. Now Olivier gently achieves a bit of comic relief as he explains how once he decided to push his wife into the water because "it occurred to me quite naturally, as she was standing on the pier, that she ought to go in."

Strindberg's *The Dance of Death* at Britain's National Theatre—(l to r) Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Robert Stephens as Kurt, and Laurence Olivier as Edgar.

But his wife returns to pick up their lifelong battle, and the first part of the play ends in his triumphant counterattack in which he irrepressibly fights his way back to desperately defiant laughter. If it were to end here—and the usual practice *is* for the first part to be done by itself—Olivier's performance would have left us with a full sympathy for the Captain.

Part II, however, insists that we follow the Captain's destiny to its conclusion. In it, Olivier rises with hilarious arrogance to the role of malevolent destroyer of the weaker Kurt and his own daughter Judith. With ridiculous hypocrisy, he pronounces blatant lies to give a righteous face to his underhanded strategems. With amusingly measured calculation, he informs Kurt's son, who is in love with Judith, of his obligation to withdraw and let Judith marry the Captain's superior officer because that man's influence will make possible the continuation of the young man's education. By referring to his superior as "the col-o-nel," he makes each repetition of the extra-syllabic word become a pinpoint-accurate sword stroke.

WHILE his exercise of intentional evil now makes the Captain loathsome, it gives Olivier the opportunity to release himself fully into a hilarious kind of insanity which he makes most entertaining. But ultimately his greatness as an actor makes it possible for him to arrive at a shattering death scene in which the Captain manages to recapture us emotionally. After receiving the news that Judith has scotched his plans, he has a stroke, pitching forward to the floor. Then as he lies dying in a chair, tantalized by his wife's triumphant vituperation, he rouses himself to one final counterattack and spits in her face. It is a magnificently animal and strangely sexual act, the perfect end of the hell Strindberg has conjured up for two intensely mortal gladiators.

Director Glen Byam Shaw must be given credit for encouraging Olivier to give such a great performance, and if Geraldine McEwan as the wife and Robert Stephens as Kurt seem scarcely more than adequate, they at least do not hamper Olivier, who, at the age of sixty, seems to be entering a new prime period of his acting career.

—HENRY HEWES.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 29: panes, napes, aspen.

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BEYOND VIETNAM:

SR / Research
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DURING a visit to Washington, D.C., late in May 1967, I was invited to lunch by one of the few persons who knows the grave problems that are heading for the desk of the President of the United States while the problems are still en route. "I think you might perform a major public service," my host suggested, "if you were to call public attention to the absence of planning by scientists for what lies beyond Vietnam."

He went on: "As you know, the federal government is far the biggest spender for science and technology. After steadily climbing for a decade, the science and technology budget has been on a rather level plateau for the last few years. Another escalation in spending can be expected after the Vietnam war ends. Economic and political plans will be ready for the peace before it comes. But science has no plans that I have ever heard of, and I think I would know about them if such existed."

Since my host was even more familiar than I was with the elaborate science advisory panel apparatus of the federal government, he clearly meant that imaginative ideas worthy of new financing were desperately needed and that they would have to be fought for if they were to prevail against entrenched lines of thinking and often wasteful experimenting, sometimes more concerned about flashy publicity than about worthwhile consequences.

Back home in New York, I began a mental culling of the letters I had received and the talks I had had recently that lay outside the established scientinc ruts. During this process I read in *The New York Times* a dispatch written by James Reston, a *Times* associate editor equipped with one of the sharpest pairs of ears and one of the keenest minds in journalism. The dispatch included the following paragraphs:

> Official Washington, in its present subdued mood, is ready for . . . a new reappraisal of . . . problems and policies. . . . The Johnson Administration, in fact, is ready for even more than this. It has seen the limitations of its own power in Vietnam. It has observed the failure of Moscow's expensive power moves in the Middle East. It is increasingly conscious of the need to divert military expenditures—now amounting to almost $200 billion a year in the world—to . . . constructive purposes. . . .
>
> In short, the United States Government, startled by the dangers of the wars in Southeast Asia and the Middle East, is now in a mood to think beyond Vietnam. . . .

Those lines reminded me of others I had read earlier in a paper prepared by William D. Carey, executive assistant director of the U. S. Budget Bureau, for a symposium sponsored by the CIBA Foundation and the Science of Science Foundation in London, England, last April. Mr. Carey wrote:

> The American policy-making system has developed extensively during the last two decades, largely in response to urgent dynamics in the national economy and in our external relations. There are many faces to this evolution, but few are as interesting—or perplexing—as the process through which science and public policy have achieved a relationship which can be described either as a marriage or as a form of coexistence, depending on one's bias.
>
> It is clear that science occupies a conspicuous place in national policy-making. . . . And the reasons are impressive: Science provides new and fast routes to economic growth, international bridge-building, national defense, technological advance, and such human values as overcoming want and disease. . . .
>
> In 1940 the national government spent about $75,000,000 on research and development. By 1953 it found itself spending $2 billion a year, and in the budget for fiscal year 1968 the figure stands at about $17 billion. Not

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long ago the various administrative departments and agencies were asked to project probable levels of support for research and development to 1970, and the aggregate figure produced by this exercise exceeded $20 billion. In the entire federal government budget, nothing else matches this propensity for growth. . . .

It must be pointed out that the United States arrived at the present prodigious effort in research and development not nearly so much by conscious resolve as by responses to action-forcing stimuli. The development of nuclear technology was a defensive reaction to beat the German scientists. The massive postwar expansion of military research and development was a response to external realities. The steep acceleration of space science and technology came as a response to Sputnik. These stimuli, then, constitute the paternity for about four-fifths of our current research and development expenditures, as well as for the revolutionary changes which have followed in the relationships of government with science, industry, and education. . . .

While we can point to progress in day-to-day administrative coordination of research and development, I find less optimism insofar as national science policy is concerned. We have an abundance of isolated policies that serve well enough to give meaning to our separate scientific and technological endeavors. What is less clear is the presence of a comprehensive framework of science policy. . . .

The definition of criteria is a task of no ordinary magnitude. Although I believe we must no longer shirk it, I do not underestimate the limitations within which we will labor. Creativity in any form resists captivity, however benevolent. If we evolve criteria with the typical American anxiety to get it over with quickly for better or worse, the result is likely to be worse rather than better. I suggest that the shaping of criteria for scientific choice must be undertaken in the spirit of trial and error; that each criterion must go through a period of test and amendment before it is at last accepted and we take the next step.

One might well ask: Whence should come the initiative for proposing these criteria—from government which pays the bill, or from the scientists who have so much at stake? I think it is plain that the initiative should come ideally from the scientific community; but if it does not emerge soon, government will have to attempt the task for itself.

PERHAPS, in the light of these observations, it might be worthwhile to start a public discussion in the open hearing not only of scientists but of lay taxpayers who foot the bills for science. If it should turn out that my luncheon host in Washington and Mr. Reston of the *Times* both were optimistic in estimating President Johnson's intentions, something might yet be contributed by this debate to the priority-setting apparatus Mr. Carey sees as such an urgent preliminary to the future growth and social responsiveness of American science.

The Vietnam war now is costing the people of this country at least $20 billion a year. The figure varies with the bookkeeping used to arrive at it, and some statisticians place the maximum as high as $27 billion. In the Carey paper quoted immediately above, it was stated that the federal government budget for science and technology in the fiscal year 1968 would be $17 billion. Of course no one expects all the money that would be freed by a change in Vietnam to be spent on science and technology; but the spending will almost certainly be continued in order to keep the economy going at a healthy pace, and science and technology will get a sizable share of the proceeds. The relative size of the share will depend in part on the kinds of scientific and technological projects that end up with priorities as a result of the debate being hopefully initiated here.

The political pork barrel aspects of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's multibillion-dollar excursion to the moon may involve so many thousands of jobs throughout the country that thought of any appreciable cut in spending for it would be fanciful. But NASA pleas for comparable extravagance in manned exploration of Mars and Venus ought not to be allowed to escape the competition of the market place.

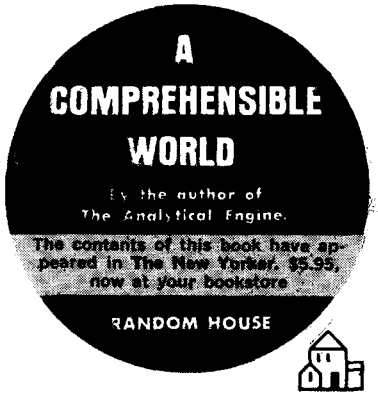
Nor should scientific mourning of the Mohole Project be taken too seriously. Since drilling of the Mohole was first proposed as a means of discovering the whole history of planet earth from the sea floor, theories of continental drift have been so refined as to date the oldest surviving part of any ocean bottom at approximately 200 million years, a tiny fraction of the 4.5-billion-year age of earth. The ocean basins are now believed to undergo a perpetual cycle of renewal, riding convection cells in the planet's mantle in endless-belt fashion like the steps on an escalator and either sucking deep off-coast trenches into being or piling up mountains on the edges of likewise drifting continental land masses. This new construct leaves room for significant contributions to knowledge through drillings into earth's mantle, but the most revealing holes will be cut on land, those cut at sea probably won't need to go deeper than half a mile to arrive at a good guess at what lies below the Mohorovicic discontinuity, and the work will be cheaper if the natural interest of oil companies is enlisted in the drilling projects.

The proposed supersonic passenger plane (SST) is an ideal example of how to do an experiment backwards and waste millions in the process. Instead of beginning by asking social scientists to determine whether people could tolerate sonic boom, and then deciding for or against building the SST, the Washington politicians ordered the SST despite widespread protest and are now finding that social scientists resent attempts to employ their professional skills to manipulate seeming acceptance of an intolerable noise and nervous shock.

"Behavioral scientists are getting tired of being ignored when they could offer something constructive from their researches and then being called in afterward to clean up a mess," Dr. Herbert Simon told a Congressional committee recently. His statement sums much of what is wrong with the prevalent imperfect system of fixing priorities for research support. Emphasis belongs on the word "imperfect" because many scientists still resist all efforts at choice-making, although top men in virtually every scientific discipline are working strenuously now to bring about at least an appearance of order.

The White House has at its bidding a Science Adviser to the President, the President's Science Advisory Committee, the Office of Science and Technology, and the Federal Council for Science and Technology. The Science Adviser and the PSAC are personal and

JEREMY BERNSTEIN
—the only physicist on the staff of *The New Yorker* —writes with clarity, precision and warmth about 20th-century science: its great pioneers, its intellectual environment, its major questions, and its impact on life, culture, and society.


A
COMPREHENSIBLE
WORLD
by the author of
The Analytical Engine.
The contents of this book have appeared in The New Yorker. $5.95, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

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confidential agents of the Chief Executive. OST is responsible to the President but is open to questioning by the Congress—which the Science Adviser and PSAC are not. The system falls apart at the level of the Federal Council, which was created originally to synthesize policies at the Cabinet level and integrate ideas and initiatives for Presidential consideration.

A Department of Science, with authority and responsibilities equal to existing Cabinet departments, has often been proposed but never widely welcomed. Today, however, serious thought is being given to the logic of breaking up the Atomic Energy Commission (which is now partly a munitions factory, partly an electric power plant, and partly a scientific laboratory) and combining its research apparatus with that of NASA, the Environmental Science Services Administration, the National Science Foundation, and the National Institutes of Health. There would be bloody political infighting before an effective department of this nature could become a reality, but extraordinary results might be achieved through intricate feedbacks of data and interdisciplinary studies. The attention it deserves might at last be focused on the mystery of human biology.

AEC's Oak Ridge National Laboratory, as an independent entity, already has underway what it calls a MAN (acronym for Molecular Anatomy) program built around a zonal centifruge that separates cells into their constituents. Dr. Norman G. Anderson, chief of the MAN project, has written of it in the British *Science Journal*:

> Specific antibodies are now available for the major proteins of human [blood] plasma. With them quantitative studies may be done on very small plasma samples. Already it has emerged that for nearly all proteins described in blood plasma (as distinct from cells themselves) a disease-associated alteration has been discovered. It is likely that similar alterations will be discovered for the macromolecular constituents of cells—but only if as much thought, and perhaps roughly as much money, are devoted to molecular anatomy as have been to, say, space or particle physics. Without such a major effort, the medically important organizational details of the human cell could remain a closed book for a long time to come.

No one individual can hope to understand all of science well enough to choose, or even to suggest, the most promising approaches to the future. The scientists who join me in this symposium have entered the task with common humility, and the pages that follow are intended only to begin the debate.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

WHAT LIES BEYOND VIETNAM?

1. The Ten Commitments

—*Wide World.*

By JOHN W. GARDNER

ANYONE giving thought to the tasks facing science and technology may find it useful to have in mind the problems our society faces in the years immediately ahead. Thoughtful people with time on their hands can make up their own lists; for those without time, here's mine.

► Let's begin with the problem of building *an enduring peace.* It is far the most critical problem facing our nation and the world. The task is not to abolish tensions among nations, which is quite impossible, but to hold those tensions within safe bounds. This requires appropriate institutional arrangements, such as the United Nations. It requires efforts to extend the rule of law in international affairs. And it requires a base of mutual understanding. It is not necessary that all nations love one another or even that they trust one another completely. But it is necessary that they understand and tolerate one another to the point that their differences can be resolved in a just, orderly, nonviolent way.

► I'm not going to attempt to list these problems in any order of importance, but since we began with peace, I'll list next the related problem of *the developing nations.* The combination of poverty and rising expectations that exists among half the world's population today is as volatile and threatening in its own way as the bomb. If bridges to peace are to be built among nations, the widening economic and social chasm that divides the world today is going to have to be narrowed.

► Third is the problem of *population control.* Throughout the world there is a growing awareness of the gravity of unbridled population growth and the urgency of doing something about it. Today there are about 3.3 billion people in the world. By the year 2000 it is predicted that there will be 7.5 billion, most of them hungry. And, as Harrison Brown has said, "Hungry people are combustible."

► The fourth problem on my list is *equal opportunity.* There isn't anything Americans have cared about more deeply throughout their history. Today, racial discrimination is the chief barrier to equality of opportunity, and is unquestionably our number one domestic problem. But the racial front is not the only one on which we are struggling to provide equality of opportunity, or equal access to the benefits of American life. There are other massive barriers to individual fulfillment—poverty, illness, ignorance, physical and mental handicaps. Our goal today is breathtaking in scope, but easy to describe. We don't want *anyone* hurt or handicapped or shut out from the life of the society by circumstances that can be prevented.

► The fifth problem is closely related to the fourth. We must redouble our efforts to create *an educational system that will provide the maximum individual fulfillment for each American.* In the slums of our great cities today boys and girls who could easily be brought to the full use of their powers are left stunted, inarticulate, and angry. We need an educational system that will lift them. The complexity of our society has created spectacular requirements for educated talent. We need schools that will nurture that talent, that will awaken the spark of curiosity and eagerness to learn, that will develop individuals capable of defending their individuality in a highly organized society.

► Sixth, we must bring *new life to our cities.* The city is the heart and brain of an industrial society. Yet today our cities are plagued with every conceivable ill—apathy, crime, poverty, racial conflict, slum housing, polluted air and water, inferior schools and hospitals, and hopelessly snarled transportation. The flight of industry and middle-class residents to the suburbs has left the city shorn not only of needed tax revenues, but of part of its leadership. We are going to have to do more than build bridges between the inner city and its opulent periphery. We need a totally new concept of metropolitan organization.

► Seventh is the problem of our *natural environment.* We can't avoid some alteration of the natural world we live in. But man, even industrial man, is a part of nature, and must find some limit to the headlong destruction and fouling of the natural environment. How much

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fouled air can we breathe? How much filth can we spew into our rivers and lakes? How much bleakness and ugliness can we tolerate?

► Eighth is the *reshaping of government,* the age-old problem of how best to organize ourselves to accomplish our shared purposes. We have indulged ourselves far too long in the luxury of supposing that everything in this country must change and develop except our governmental structure and processes.

Until state and local governments revamp their antiquated procedures and develop the strength to carry the heavy burdens that have been thrust upon them; until Congress faces up to the requirements of reorganization; until the Executive branch carries considerably further its present efforts to streamline its departmental structure and create mutually respecting partnerships with state, local, and nongovernmental agencies; until all these steps are underway we shall continue to be hobbled in the race with change.

► My ninth problem concerns *economic growth.* Since the 1930s we have made impressive gains in stabilizing and managing the economy. Because of what we now know about the sources of economic growth we can envisage the elimination of poverty, the rebuilding of our cities, wise use of our natural resources, and more imaginative use of human skills. To the extent that we sustain a high rate of economic growth, all our other problems will be easier.

► The final item on my agenda is the *relationship of the individual to society.* Everything that we do, all that we achieve, must finally be measured in terms of its effect on the individual. We set out to create a society in which the individual could flourish. But our highly organized society carries its own threats to individuality.

We can avert that threat. We can't escape size and complexity today, but we can design our institutions so that they serve the individual as well as the system. Our goal should be a society designed for people; and if we want it badly enough, we can have it.

One striking feature of our situation today is that we are creating new problems as we go along. Some of the most interesting of the new problems stem from scientific and technical advances. Consider the problems posed by some of the new mind-affecting drugs. Consider the economic, ethical, and social problems posed by the possibility of artificial organs, or weather control, or the control of genetic processes.

OUR capacity to create new problems as rapidly as we solve the old has implications for the kind of society we shall have to design. We shall need a society that is sufficiently honest and open-minded to recognize its problems, sufficiently creative to conceive new solutions, and sufficiently purposeful to put those solutions into effect. It should be, in short, a self-renewing society, ready to improvise solutions to problems it won't recognize until tomorrow. The vitality of our science and technology will have a good deal to do with whether we achieve that kind of society.

John W. Gardner, a psychologist by profession, is U.S. Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare and generally considered the most influential intellectual in President Johnson's Cabinet.

WHAT LIES BEYOND VIETNAM?

2. Literate Engineering

—*Dept. of Commerce.*

By J. HERBERT HOLLOMON

TODAY you and I can buy a house, but we cannot buy an attractive city; you and I can buy a car but we cannot buy an efficient highway; you and I can pay tuition for a son to go to college but we cannot buy an educational system. The public—in the small or large—buys these public goods: school systems, cities, suburbs, road systems, air pollution control systems, airways systems. Today an increasing share of your and my money is being spent for public goods as contrasted with private goods. This is because we live closer together, have become more interacting and interdependent than we ever were before.

What are the roles of engineering and industry in meeting our needs for public goods?

John R. Pierce of Bell Telephone Laboratories recently wrote in *Science* magazine that we are alienating engineering from the productive civilian economy which makes possible both our good life and our expenditures on defense and space. We are doing this inadvertently through the nature and magnitude of the support given to university engineering research by defense and space agencies.

As Dr. Pierce pointed out, the Department of Defense, National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and Atomic Energy Commission are now together responsible for 80 per cent of the support for graduate engineering education in the United States. These and all other government agencies properly tend to support research that advances disciplines of importance to them. Thus our engineering schools are now concentrating on research in such glamorous and highly specialized subjects as aerodynamics, electronics, and solid-state physics, which lie at the very heart of the most sophisticated technology in this country and which do in fact give us the world leadership in the defense establishment and in space. But these are not necessarily the disciplines that are related to the civil, economic, or social goals of the United States or the rest of the world. The result is that most of our graduate education in engineering schools is graduate "scientific" engineering education, and the difference between the education of people to do engineering and to do engineering science is almost the difference between day and night.

This situation is self-perpetuating. Almost all the engineering professors now coming into teaching have doctorates based on this kind of research experience, and very few have had industrial experience. The teachers teach the students who teach the students who teach the students, and this assures us in endless cycle a supply of engineering scientists oriented to highly specialized and sophisticated problems. It is a cycle which in some part at least must be broken.

It is clear that the national agencies have a responsibility to ensure that the sophisticated disciplines of engineering and science pertinent to their business are well supported. I am simply proposing that support is also needed for the application of sophisticated techniques to industrial practice, the application of imaginative design to construction, the use of modern technology to control pollution, the application of imaginative engineering so that we are able to operate our motor vehicles without killing as many people each year as we kill in most large world wars.

The use of technology is almost never limited by technology itself. It is limited

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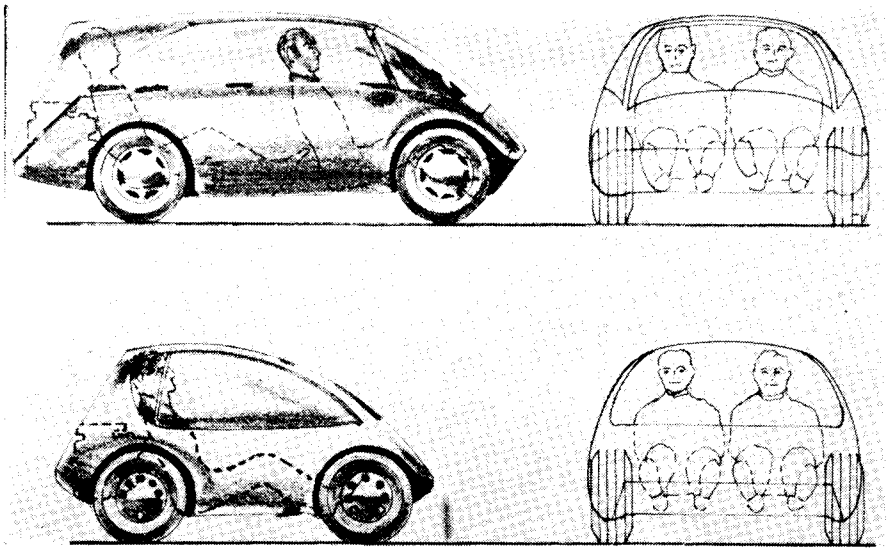

—Courtesy of General Motors.

Sketches above are artist's conception of limited-emission vehicles now being designed for diminution of air pollution and easing of urban traffic jams. In experiment planned for Philadelphia by University of Pennsylvania under subsidy from U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development, small light-weight cars would operate by coin or punched card as pay telephones now do; parking lots at railroad stations would hold vehicles for commuters, who would drive into town, debark, and leave the empties for recovery by a community pickup service.

by social, political, and economic forces—the organizational structure of a company, the attitudes of people. So I urge that the engineer, if he is to be effective in a modern world, has to be literate. He must have some concept of the society in which he operates—its economics, its politics, its art, its esthetics, its laws. The society of engineers must encompass people who are deeply wedded to the value systems of our society—men who concern themselves with whether or not engineering is worth doing at all. It is a travesty, in my view, that engineers are responsible for the design of vehicles in which so many people are killed or maimed. It is a travesty that engineers are responsible for the design of industrial plants that pollute our atmosphere and our streams. Engineers must feel a sense of moral values through which they weigh the consequences for evil as well as the consequences for good of their work and make some judgments between them.

J. Herbert Hollomon was the first assistant secretary for science and technology in any Cabinet department in Washington. Now deputy secretary of the Department of Commerce, he will soon become president of the University of Oklahoma.

WHAT LIES BEYOND VIETNAM?

3. Planetary Engineering

—U. of Miami.

By S. F. SINGER

DURING our lifetimes, and especially in the past few years, we have witnessed a sudden extension in the scale of exploration of our physical environment away from the surface of the earth: down into the oceans, and into the earth's crust towards the mantle boundary, as well as upward into the atmosphere, and even beyond the atmosphere toward the moon and earth's neighbor planets. Coupled with this explosion in our capabilities to *explore* has come a more modest extension of our *understanding* of the natural environment, especially of the relationships between different parts of the physical environment. In addition, important ecological relationships to the biosphere are gradually being unraveled.

The next step must surely be modification and management of the environment. Actually, this phase has been underway for quite some time. In his fight with the natural environment, man for thousands of years has been forced into the position of finding or constructing *protective shelters*, principally against the weather. Through agriculture and irrigation, man entered the stage of transforming to some extent the external physical environment. This has been a haphazard process, largely unplanned, and conducted on a small enough scale so that its consequences have not been felt on a world-wide basis. But as the industrial revolution has amplified the energy management capability of man, major projects of environmental modification have been carried out: e.g., the digging of the Panama Canal, the filling of the Zuyder Zee in Holland, and, quite recently, the Snowy Mountain Project in Australia which resulted in reversing the course of several rivers for purposes of irrigation and generation of electric power.

In addition to planned projects, some unplanned changes have also taken place, including the severe water and air pollution produced by all kinds of human activities. Some changes were not only unplanned but also unnoticed until recently. For example, the burning of large amounts of coal and oil during the past 100 years has led to a large increase in the concentration of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere with consequences for the earth's climate that are not yet known with any certainty.

Powerful technical means are now at hand that can revolutionize the future of environmental control:

► Observational techniques based on earth satellites, which can give us detailed information on environmental changes over the whole globe on a nearly simultaneous and continuous basis. We can then trace changes in climate, and relate these to the behavior of the oceans, to the ice and snow cover and other properties of the surface, and to space radiation.

► Data-processing methods based on electronic computers, which can convert this mass of data into meaningful quantities that the brain can grasp.

► Cheap and controlled energy based on nuclear fission reactors and even nuclear explosives. Controlled hydrogen fusion is still eluding us; but eventually, the availability of energy from hydrogen atoms will change the energy dimension again by orders of magnitude.

► Development of systems analysis concepts and methods, and of people who are trained to deal with incredibly complicated technological problems.

With these tools at our command, we can think of tackling not only the im-

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mediately pressing problems of air pollution and water pollution, but we can look ahead to the needs of a growing population in coming decades. We can visualize the modification of the weather to eliminate damaging storms and hurricanes, or to utilize and direct rainfall into areas where it can be useful. We can look to giant projects of water management: converting Long Island Sound into a fresh water reservoir; or even the $100 billion North American Water and Power Alliance proposal to redirect some major Canadian rivers (now flowing into the Arctic Ocean) southward into the United States and Mexico at the rate of 160 billion gallons of water per day.

Inevitably, such major engineering projects will change not only the hydrology but also the climate of the North American continent, and will certainly produce world-wide influences. Various schemes, some fanciful, some more realistic, have been suggested specifically in order to modify world climate: e.g., removing the reflecting snow cover and increasing absorption of solar energy by spreading soot over large snow areas, changing the ice cover of the Arctic Ocean, or deflecting the course of certain ocean currents.

THE real problem is not so much the technical one of carrying out such projects but rather the precise forecasting of the resulting change in climate to make sure that the modification will be stable and will not result in any appreciable overshoot. As an example, consider the geophysical consequences which are introduced by a warming trend in the earth's climate. The warming affects the surface temperature of the oceans and causes melting of glaciers and icecaps and, therefore, an increase in the sea level. As the sea level rises, low-lying land will be covered with water. Ice and land appear to be relatively white as viewed from space, while the oceans appear to be black. With less solar radiation being reflected back out into space, this results in greater absorption of solar radiation, which results in increased heating of the earth, which results in increased melting of the icecaps, increased sea levels, etc.

Is this effect, once started, a cumulative one or are there factors which will limit its propagation, e.g., atmospheric circulation effects leading to changes in cloudiness? What we are really asking is the following question: Are changes in climate taking place which are irreversible and might even accelerate, or is the climate of the earth so stable that whenever some influence upsets it, other factors enter to bring back the original equilibrium state?

Here we see immediately the close connection between applied environmental sciences—planetary engineering, if you wish—and basic scientific understanding. We need to understand, for example, the origin and cause of climatic changes, both of the major ice ages and of the smaller fluctuations. We need to know whether the transitions between these different states are inherent in the earth's atmosphere-ocean environment or are produced by external causes: fluctuations in solar activity, variations in volcanic activity, changes in the inclination of the earth's axis, or geophysical redistribution of the continents, the oceans, and the mountain chains.

It seems possible (and this is a conclusion reached from geological evidence) that a reasonably wide range of climatic conditions can occur without drastic changes of an astronomical or geophysical character. Perhaps then the equilibrium of the climate is not very strong; we may find that it can be influenced if we can only find the sensitive point at which we should apply our limited human influence.

As a matter of fact, many human activities are already producing influences on the atmosphere and on the hydrosphere. The increase in carbon dioxide due to industrial effluents, the introduction of new ingredients because of pollution, the change in the moisture circulation due to land use, and, finally, important changes in the composition of the stratosphere and higher layers of the atmosphere. All of these, and others, may already be exerting some kind of influence on world climate. For example, we have realized that high-flying jet planes produce contrails which are really artificial cirrus clouds, tiny ice crystals that can remain in the atmosphere for long periods of time. Now Roscoe Braham of the University of Chicago has found that cirrus clouds can act as triggers for storm development and, therefore, could affect the weather at lower altitudes.

HERE, then, is the real hurdle: In order to reach the stage of environmental control, we must first gain scientific understanding; and this is closely coupled to higher education. A pioneer in the problems of environmental sciences, the late Dr. Lloyd V. Berkner, once remarked to me that in order to deal with the big scientific problems of the environment, such as the origin of the atmosphere, one really needs to have three Ph.D.'s: in astrophysics, in geology, and in biology. Our academic programs, however, are not geared to produce multidisciplinary scientists. Instead, they turn out extremely capable specialists in particular disciplines. As a result, it is unusual for a young scientist to be able to work effectively in more than his one chosen discipline.

A classic example of a multidisciplinary study is Berkner's own pioneering work on the development of the earth's atmosphere [see *SR*, May 7, 1966]. The rise of oxygen in our atmosphere came about because of a complicated interplay between the solar ultraviolet radiation on a primitive reducing atmosphere which was released from the melting of the earth's rocks. Only after life developed on the earth, evolving to organisms capable of photosynthetic reactions, did the highly oxydizing atmosphere that we have today develop. Such an atmosphere appears to be unique, at least in the solar system, and for reasons which we can only dimly perceive at present. In any case, as we begin to understand the evolution of the atmosphere, hydrosphere, and earth's surface features, as well as of the earth's interior, we may be able to tackle with more certainty the problem of explaining climatic changes and ice ages, and the predicting of environmental changes.

IT is clear that beyond this better scientific understanding, the planning and execution of major projects in planetary engineering require organization through appropriate government departments. As the scale of the undertaking increases, international coordination if not international cooperation is required. This point of view has been expressed extremely well by the distinguished Soviet geophysicist, Dr. E. K. Federov, who, as director of the Hydro-Meteorological Service, is directly responsible to the Council of Ministers of the Soviet Union. In a recent address to the Fifth Congress of the World Meteorological Organization, he stated:

> It is not difficult to understand that the problem of transforming the climate on a world or regional scale is, by its very nature, an international one, requiring the united efforts and the coordination of the activities of all countries. Ever more rapidly, humanity is approaching the stage in its symbiosis with nature, when it can turn to practical account all the natural resources of the earth and when, as a result, it will become capable of thinking in terms of natural phenomena on a planetary scale. In other words, man is becoming master of the earth. It is obviously no accident that this period coincides with our penetration of outer space. It is hardly necessary to prove, that in these circumstances, all mankind should regard itself as a single whole in relation to the surrounding world. There is no other way.

Dr. S. Fred Singer, a physicist, is perhaps best known for his prediction that magnetic fields would be found to surround planet earth in precisely the regions where they were found by Dr. James Van Allen of Iowa. Dr. Singer is now chief science adviser to the U.S. Department of the Interior, with deputy assistant secretary rank.

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WHAT LIES BEYOND VIETNAM?

4. Deep Sea Exploration

—Library of Congress.

By EDWARD WENK, JR.

I WELL remember the skepticism, some twelve years ago, that greeted the concept of going beneath the thin layer of ocean then accessible to our military submarines. The arguments against running deeper ran as follows: To operate at greater depths required a stronger hull, and a stronger hull was then considered inevitably heavier. If more weight were committed to the pressure hull, other performance characteristics would have to be sacrificed. Thus, at a time when the genie of nuclear power unshackled the submarine from frequent surface refreshment, the opportunity to operate through the entire oceanic medium was deferred because it seemed to carry a price no one wanted to pay.

The feasibility of going deeper was demonstrated ten years ago by the transfer of very simple lessons from aircraft practice—to utilize structural materials with a higher ratio of strength to density, and to design with such high precision that a low factor of safety is tolerable.

An active family of research submarines has been spawned on those principles, and their importance to our nation is dramatically revealed by the increased number of dives by such vehicles. In 1965, about twenty-nine separate research dives were recorded. In 1966, the number exceeded 200. Although the ocean depths today remain as large a mystery as ever—an uncertain terrain under tremendous pressures—the first scouting has been made of the twilight zone of the continental shelf.

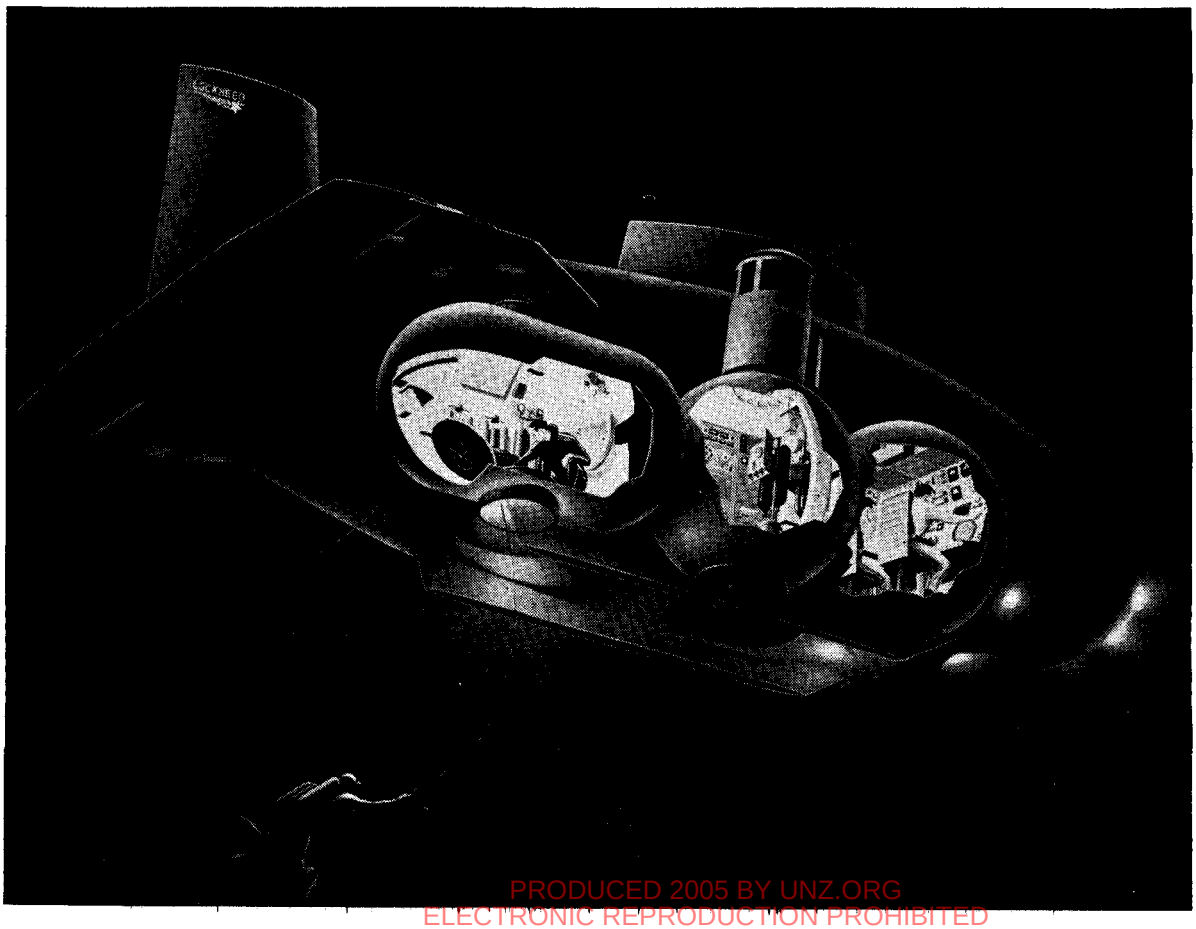
The [Lockheed submarine] *Deep Quest* can operate to a depth of 8,000 feet. Thus it has direct access to 20 per cent of the ocean floor, including all the continental shelves and the water volume above them. *Deep Quest* not only can probe; it can do useful work. Its operating experience will surely prove the design; it will also contribute valuable insights for design of still newer vehicles of the future.

Our knowledge and wisdom in the design of these vehicles must now be matched by judgment and leadership at policy levels. For it is here that initiatives arise as to how these submarines will be employed. No longer can we comfort ourselves with the idea that technological barriers, real or alleged, prevent us from doing the job. We are confronted with new realities of technology and world affairs, and we must be prepared to think through the question of goals for oceanic exploration and development and the priorities for mapping, examining, working on the sea bed.

FEDERAL and state governments, private industry, and universities all must share in setting both the course and the pace of this new venture. We must even project our study beyond our own borders. At a time when threats to world order continue to erupt and remind us how far we are from our goals, we must all the more seek areas where nations may work together. The deep oceans furnish one natural, even unique opportunity for increased international cooperation and increased understanding in an area that has not yet been spoiled by military confrontation.

The recent Treaty on Outer Space continues the precedent of the Antarctic Treaty in promoting peaceful uses of a new environment made accessible by new technology. Nations from both East

Lockheed's new submarine, "Deep Quest," has a capsule through which divers can emerge to work.



—Lockheed.

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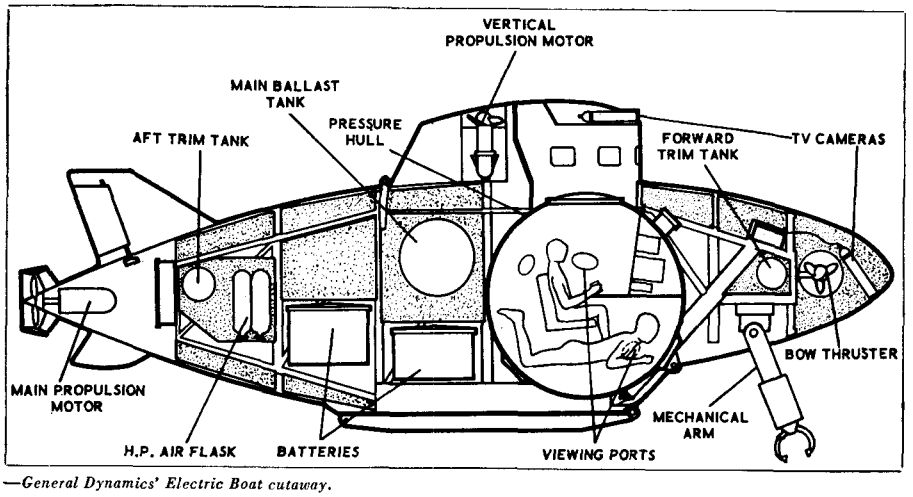
and West are parties to both treaties. Both treaties afford a framework for joint ventures in exploration.

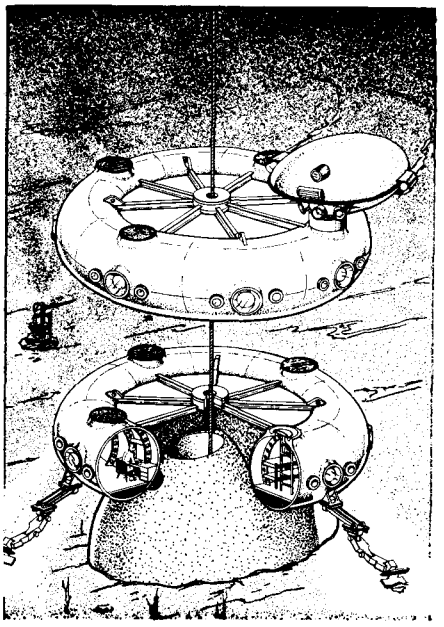
In the case of deep-running research submarines, this nation is years ahead of its nearest competitor. It has many times the capabilities for deep ocean exploration of all other nations put together. Significant scientific gains may be possible through cooperative expeditions wherein foreign scientists, including those expert in fisheries research, may share in exploration of the deep sea.

As other nations develop submersibles, there may well be a need to develop international arrangements concerning rules of the road for research submersibles operating beyond territorial waters. These rules may contain clauses as to advance notice, rescue, recovery, and salvage. Our own advanced capabilities could put us in a position to offer unique aid to stricken craft of all nations.

In christening the *Deep Quest*, intermediate-sized deep-sea submersible, Edward Wenk, Jr., executive secretary of the National Council on Marine Resources and Engineering Development, made the above remarks in oblique reference to Soviet offers to buy a smaller American sub, *Star III*.



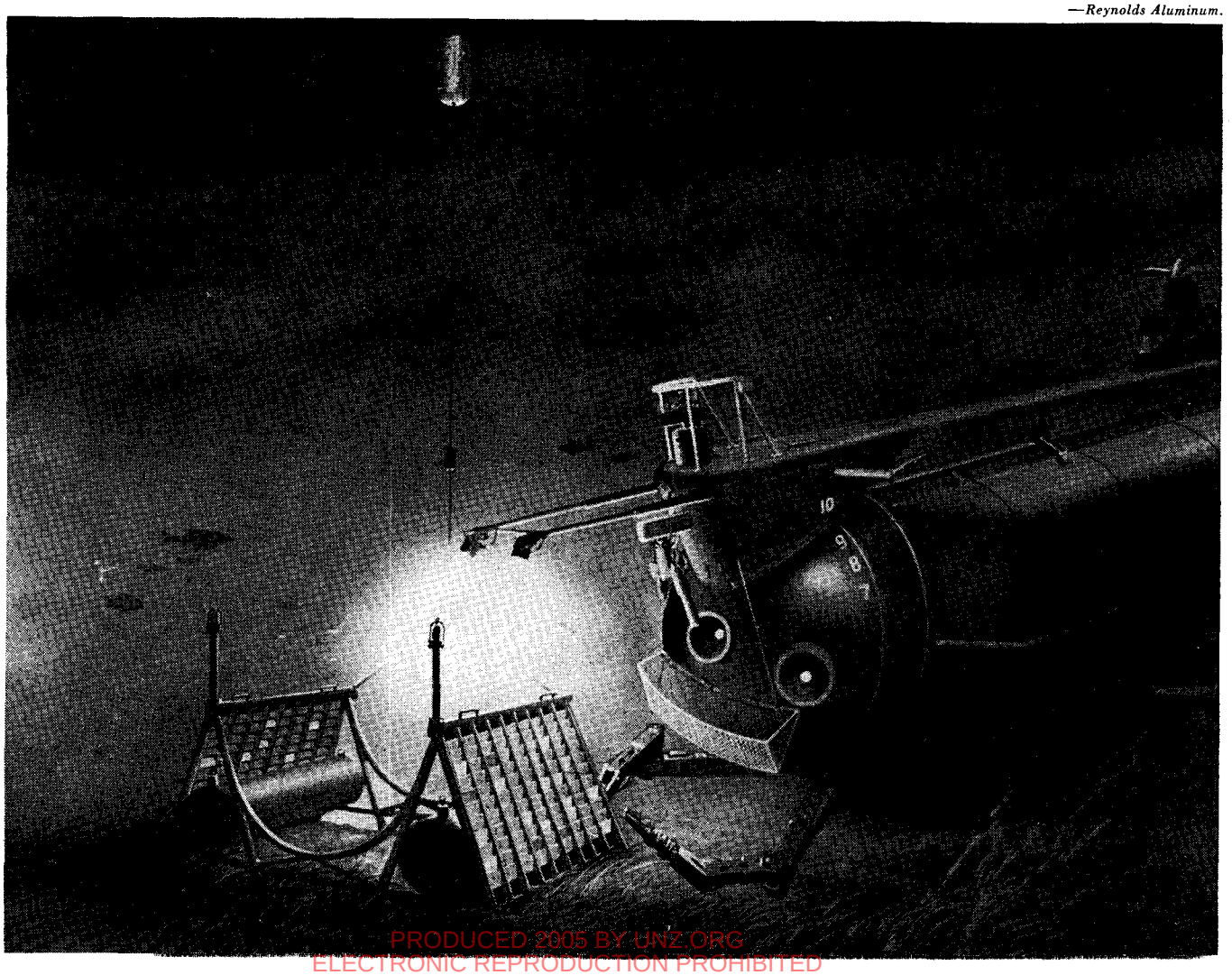
—*General Dynamics' Electric Boat cutaway.*



—*Westinghouse.*

Cutaway sketch of "Star III," built by General Dynamics' Electric Boat subsidiary, is shown at left. Below: "Aluminaut," built by Electric Boat for Reynolds Aluminum, goes down 15,000 feet, could reach 60 to 70 per cent of sea floor. Above: Westinghouse scheme for fixed ocean-bottom research laboratory.

—*Reynolds Aluminum.*



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5. A Healing Diplomacy

By WILLIAM D. LOTSPEICH

SCIENCE has contributed a major ethical value to the world; it is what Jacob Bronowski calls "the habit of truth." This means that whenever two scientists talk together about scientific matters, they take for granted that both are telling the truth. If this assumption does not hold in fact, the entire scientific enterprise collapses.

This ethical value of science suggests exciting ways in which scientists might reach levels of understanding in human affairs that are not possible within the conventional framework of politics where the habit of truth does not always operate. There are increasing opportunities in this scientific-technological age where political decisions require expert scientific knowledge and judgment or where scientists have opportunities to communicate across barriers that might not be open to others with certain vested interests.

One need only recall the way the Pugwash Conferences opened up communications between scientists of East and West, and how this affected later possibilities of a U.S.-Russian détente.

Or one can recall the role of the international panel of physicists in the issue of nuclear explosion detection during the negotiations leading to the atomic test ban treaty.

Or one can recall Gilbert White's imaginative proposal for an international effort to develop the whole Mekong River basin as a means of creating peace in Vietnam. Here a water development expert in the field of geography proposed a tangible, workable way to divert the destructive forces of war into the economic development of a region.

I have a vision of a much larger role for scientists in this context of national and international affairs. For instance, in the field of world health the possibilities are now only dimly perceived. Health is a commodity that supercedes political ideologies and within which channels of communication and cooperation can open that will ramify into other areas not now soluble by conventional means.

To illustrate this point and its consequences, let us look at the health situation in sub-Sahara Africa. What we see there is typical of all the underdeveloped countries, and successful patterns we might develop there might serve as prototypes for elsewhere.

The major causes of sickness and death in these countries are infectious and parasitic diseases and malnutrition, all readily controlled by well known public health and therapeutic measures now standard practice in the highly developed countries. Magnificent as are the efforts of agencies such as WHO, UNICEF, and FAO, these do not represent a long-term solution to the chronic problems of health and overpopulation that plague the underdeveloped world. These countries must create their own institutions to train the medical and para-medical personnel who can then plan and sustain their own apparatus of public health.

In Nigeria, for instance, there is one physician for approximately every 50,000 persons. This compares with one for every 700-1,000 persons in the United States and Western Europe. Although she already had a fine university at Ibadan, Nigeria decided shortly after her independence in 1960 that the only solution to her health problems was to start additional professional schools for the training of doctors, dentists, nurses, and other para-medical personnel. Thus the University of Lagos was founded, and in October 1962 it opened its new schools of medicine and nursing. This year it admitted its first class of dental students, and next January its first class of physicians will graduate. More medical and dental schools are being started in other regions of the country.

In all departments of these schools there is a shortage of well-trained staff, and the only source of such people is among those who have been sent abroad for graduate training. Especially in the preclinical departments of the medical schools, the small staffs are too heavily engaged in teaching medical students to undertake graduate training as well; thus they cannot add to their numbers. And when one of them goes abroad for a year or two of advanced work, his absence leaves an almost unbridgeable gap.

IF I were asked to put my finger on one problem whose solution would represent the greatest long-term contribution to health in the underdeveloped countries, I would put it on this need for more medical schools and the local training of staff to man them. I would like to propose an idea which would begin rather quickly to remedy this second need. A similar plan would be just as applicable to other areas of any of their universities similarly impoverished.

I visualize a regional cooperative center for graduate training in the medical sciences. In sub-Sahara Africa, for instance, there are six or so medical schools that could cooperate in this venture. The center might be located in one of the participating schools with a good nucleus of African staff and facilities that could be easily expanded. This staff would be supplemented by a mobile pool of scientists from other countries. Few such people could be available for a year or two of service on the faculty of one of the African schools, but many of them could give a month or so every other year. Thus certain of these people would be brought in at different times for a few months of lectures, seminars, and laboratory teaching in some phase of an overall carefully planned curriculum. In this way the disruptive effects of the short-term visitor would be mitigated, and his contribution would significantly supplement the ongoing work of the African staff who would give the program its real continuity.

Students for this program would be drawn from the medical student body of the participating schools. Each school would identify one or more students each year who were well qualified and interested in an academic career in one of the sciences basic to medicine. After an intensive course of specially designed graduate training of two or three years at the regional center, these men and women would return to their home school, finish their medical studies, and then join the teaching staff in positions that were waiting for them.

SUCH a program would have several strong advantages: It would allow the home countries to make a significant beginning of their own to meet their health personnel needs without sending people out of the country for long expensive training. The cultural shock attendant to living abroad and re-entering the home country would be reduced. The arrangement would allow the home countries to make the major part of the effort themselves, and thus not have to accept the blow to dignity that often accompanies *largesse* from a wealthy country abroad. Such a program would allow each of the cooperating schools to jump in a few years toward a significant solution of their staff needs, so that each school might then have sufficient staff to begin graduate training of its own. At this point the need for the regional center might disappear and each school could then carry on by itself to meet its own and even other schools' needs.

One can also see the possibility in such a development for the design of

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thesis research projects that would take advantage of the unique biomedical problems of man in a tropical or desert environment. All sorts of interesting problems in nutrition, temperature regulation, and fluid balance suggest themselves. This would spawn a regional research interest that would be unique, and not in competition with research projects being pursued in the institutions of other countries where the special research opportunities of Africa do not exist.

An effort such as this should be under the auspices of an international agency such as the World Health Organization, so that it is free of political ties. And we in the United States should begin to funnel more and more of our technical assistance funds for efforts like this through the United Nations special agencies.

Science is unique among the several means man has devised to carry out the metaphysical rebellion Albert Camus described in *The Rebel*. Beyond Vietnam lie untapped resources for this quest to recreate the universe and enhance the quality of human existence.

William D. Lotspeich, M.D., was one of the first group of Markle Foundation Scholars in the Medical Sciences. He is now professor and chairman, department of physiology, University of Rochester Medical School. After a six-month sabbatical beginning next September 1, he will become executive secretary of the American Friends Service Committee with headquarters in Philadelphia.

WHAT LIES BEYOND VIETNAM?

6. Rivers of Fresh Water

By DONALD J. BELCHER

ALTHOUGH they usually remain undetected, submarine springs of fresh water are often more common along certain types of shoreline than are rivers and other surface streams. Reasonable estimates indicate that loss of these precious water resources—flowing unchecked and wasted to the sea—amounts, in some areas, to as much as 20 million gallons per day for each shoreline mile. In terms of desalinization plants, this is equivalent to twenty $1,000,000 desalinization units for each mile of sea front.

These underground water resources do not occur as a slow, steady local seepage over large areas, as in Holland and Israel, but rather as free-flowing underground streams, sometimes under artesian pressure, that discharge major quantities of water each hour of the day. These channels of groundwater flow are most often associated with limestone and volcanic landforms. For example, a major submarine spring in the Persian Gulf flows with such volume that it creates, locally, a large area of fresh water and outward currents in all directions from its center. This is directly associated with the favorable onshore limestone geology of Iran and Saudi Arabia, both of which have experienced desolation following 100 years of shrinking groundwater reserves.

Most countries use but a small fraction of their groundwater resources and few have a plan or a policy concerning its development and use. In one Mediterranean country it was determined that less than 10 per cent of the available groundwater was being used and that the area of irrigated land could be doubled by its development. An FAO [UN's Food and Agriculture Organization] team working with the Greek government found sixteen separate areas containing quantities of groundwater stored in limestone caverns and channels. The losses to the sea are replenished annually by normal rainfall so that any recovery of this water reduces the daily losses but in no way depletes a reserve as it would in other types of groundwater reservoirs. Thus, while presently we cannot do more than approximate the magnitude of these losses to the sea, we do know that to capture this water and use it to the fullest extent does not constitute the *mining* of these resources as in the case of other groundwater reserves.

THE countries most obviously affected by these losses have coastal fronts on the Mediterranean Sea and on the Pacific coast of Central and South America. Hundreds of islands, including Jamaica, Puerto Rico, Cuba, the Azores and Canaries, Sardinia, Sicily, Crete, and Cyprus typify these conditions. Japan, the Philippines, Hawaii, and others have a more favorable climate and, while their losses are greater, their water supply is less critical. In the Mediterranean basin alone, the losses to the sea have been estimated to be in the order of 130 million cubic feet per hour.

Spain typifies one of these situations in which enormous beds of limestone take water from the surface in one area, carrying it underground through complex cave systems to discharge it on land or under the sea as geologic circumstances dictate. To illustrate its departure from our normal concepts of surface water, there is a large loss of surface water on the south-facing slopes of the Spanish Pyrenees. In great quantities this water flows *under* the mountains to emerge on the north slopes and flow into France as the Garonne River. Where these springs come to the surface on the land, they are termed "risings" or vauclusian springs. In France one of these has a maximum flow of more than 4,500 cubic feet per second, nearly equaling the flow of our Rio Grande River. In Colombia, South America, we have measured the low flow of such a spring as being 350 cubic feet per second, a quantity far exceeding the output of three desalinization plants. In Greece it is estimated that each day 100 million cubic feet are lost to the sea through submarine springs.

Modern technology and a better understanding of groundwater now make it possible to locate these lines of flow and to tap them *on shore* before the fresh water is lost to the sea. Well-trained and experienced geo-analysts, using aerial photography, can quickly identify these shoreline areas. A careful study of micro features of the inland terrain helps to pinpoint the position of the subterranean channels and to indicate the location of the offshore points of discharge. With the underground water course identified and the magnitude of the flow approximated, a ground study will determine the optimum point and method of interception. Ground geophysical surveys over the specific water course are sometimes needed for final engineering decisions. It remains now to call international attention to these shoreline areas, to develop methods of efficient recovery, and to train national teams in the detection and capture of these wasting resources.

Where large quantities of water are required for irrigation in coastal areas, these subterranean sources of pure water promise a revolution in the agricultural economy of the affected region.

Donald J. Belcher is director of the Center for Aerial Photographic Studies at Cornell University. A more detailed statement of the research proposal advanced in the text above was prepared as a contribution to President Johnson's International Conference for Water for Peace in Washington late last May. Interested parties may obtain copies from the author at Cornell's campus in Ithaca, New York.

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WHAT LIES BEYOND VIETNAM?

7. A New Morality

By URIE BRONFENBRENNER

PROBABLY in no sphere of human behavior has there been a greater change over the past quarter century than in the area of sexual conduct of young people in the United States and in other countries, too. Yet, for the most part, this phenomenon has not been examined systematically nor have its causes and consequences been seriously considered in the light of available scientific knowledge and methodology. What little work has been done has focused almost exclusively on the physical aspects of sex, without considering their psychological and social significance both for the young person himself and for the society of which he is a part.

That we are dealing here with no superficial phenomenon is attested by the fact that the change is perceptible in the biological as well as in the behavioral sphere. Thus there is evidence to indicate that females in American society are menstruating as much as a year earlier than they did twenty-five years ago. Such changes, coupled with the daily increasing availability and simplicity of contraceptive devices, add further impetus to changing patterns of sexual behavior.

We are already aware of the public health impact of such changes in the rapid rise in venereal disease statistics over the past few years, but the psychological and social impact remains unexamined. Also, these same considerations apply certainly with equal force in the area of family planning, where it is important not only to conduct investigations on the medical and biological aspects of this phenomenon, but also its social and moral concomitants.

In order to deal with these and other problems of the family, we need much better knowledge of their nature, extent, and, above all, of the basic processes which underlie them. It is the responsibility of the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development, delegated by Congress, to foster the acquisition of such knowledge. Although some progress has been made, it is of the most modest sort and falls far short of the national need.

In the sphere of extramural research —that which takes place outside the government, with official support—the level of funds and professional staff available to the institute have permitted the establishment of new research centers in only two problem areas: aging and mental retardation. Important as these areas are, they do not begin to encompass problems of the type which I have outlined. But the most serious limitation from which the institute suffers, the one principally responsible for its inability to make a major impact, is lack of sufficient manpower in the senior professional grades. Available positions are too few and not competitive at the levels at which the talent is needed. The problems our nation faces in this area are serious enough, in my judgment, to command the attention of the most competent biological and behavioral scientists in the country.

Urie Bronfenbrenner, a professor on two faculties at Cornell University, was until recently a member of the advisory council to the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development.

WHAT LIES BEYOND VIETNAM?

8. The Executive Negro

By IVAR OXAAL

MANY PEOPLE believe that noteworthy progress has been made with regard to expanded job opportunities for American Negroes. Used as evidence to support this belief are reports from the Civil Service Commission, Plans for Progress firms, state government agencies, etc. It takes only a cursory look at the reports to substantiate the belief. But while it may be true that the overall job situation reflects an upward trend, it is not true that equal progress has been made at all levels of employment and manpower utilization. Still to be tackled is the job of major expansion at the top executive or management levels of employment. This is true in government, business, industry, education, or social service, except in those instances where the services or programs have been organized or run by Negroes.

It is clear that as the United States haltingly moves in the direction of a full implementation of the achievement-oriented, open-class model of social stratification, the number of Negro executives in the predominantly white business world will increase. It cannot be assumed, however, that the rate of Negro mobility into these occupational spheres will be an automatic result of rising educational and skill levels attained by Negro Americans. In the business world, as on the boundaries of the ghetto, there are barriers of tradition, culture, and (perhaps of equal importance) social and psychological inhibitions on the part of potentially mobile Negroes themselves. To come to grips with this problem in an experiment in directed social change, the following questions appear to be the basic ones:

► What is the present status of Negro workers at the management and executive levels of employment in business and industry?

► What avenues were followed, what steps have been taken, and what experiences have those Negroes who have been successful had on their way to the present level of achievement?

► What can be done to stimulate greater progress in this area of employment, and, at the same time, provide a reservoir of information, techniques, and experiences that might be used by other employers as they seek ways to bring more Negroes into the work force at this level?

WITH regard to the first two questions, it is tentatively proposed that forty or fifty Negroes be identified, in the thirty-five to fifty-year age group, who hold top management and executive jobs at present. After identification, we would interview these employees and representatives of their employers to study whatever situations and experiences contributed to their present success. Factors to be probed would include education, previous work experience, variety of jobs held with the present company, some information relating to personal and social experiences within and outside the company, an analysis of the paths followed by other workers

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who have achieved the same result, and a study of specific duties and responsibilities to determine whether or not the worker is in a position in which he deals with a specific operation related to Negroes, e.g., the "Negro" market or Negro personnel. Some attention would also be given to further opportunities for the Negro executive's progress within his present company or other industry or business concerns and government.

In this ground-breaking stage of research on the Negro executive, the aim will be to produce a collective portrait of these leading executive pioneers in the white business world. The portrait would be readily recognizable to laymen—including Negro college students, educators, businessmen, and government officials.

A census and questionnaire survey of Negro executives in, say, the top 500 U.S. corporations would be attempted in order to broaden the scope of the study and to provide comparative data for the smaller, intensively studied group. Also, comparisons between comparable Negro and white executives might be assayed. This is clearly desirable because an investigation of Negro executives alone may lead to confounding the strains of executive life *sui generis* with the unique problems of the Negro executive.

It is hoped that the pilot phase of a project about to be undertaken jointly by the Russell Sage Foundation and the National Urban League, Inc., will lead to the formulation of an explicit policy-influencing program. If this pioneering experiment can be followed up by larger ones, then a significant breakthrough in the redefinition of the role and prospects of the Negro in American business and society will have been achieved.

Ivar Oxaal is professor of sociology at the University of Guyana in the British West Indies. A former Carnegie research fellow, he will direct the pilot experiment described above beginning July 1.

WHAT LIES BEYOND VIETNAM?

9. Humane Policing

By E. F. FENNESSY, JR., J. A. RUSSO, JR., and R. H. ELLIS

A MAJOR police function is the control of large-scale domestic disorder. In recent years these disturbances have increased in scope and intensity. They have been confined primarily to heavily urbanized areas. Since 1960, the police have been called upon to quell major riots in the following cities: Los Angeles (Watts), New York City (Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant), Rochester, Cleveland (Hough), Chicago, San Francisco, Birmingham, Selma, Jackson, and Oxford. In all of these outbreaks, the police (and, in most cases, the National Guard) had to resort to firearms to control the disorder.

In the general course of a civil disorder the police use violence in an ascending scale in order to control the situation and restore order. The first stage generally consists of the implied use of force; i.e., loudspeakers will be used to threaten a mob and order it to disperse. If this has no effect, the next stage may be the use of trained riot-control squads armed with clubs, batons, yawara sticks, etc., against the mob. It is during this phase that tear gas grenades or dispersers will be used against the mob. If these tactics are unsuccessful, and the danger to law enforcement personnel becomes extreme, the police will use conventional weapons against particularly dangerous members of the mob.

In the Watts riot, these tactics proved virtually useless because the character of urban mass violence had undergone a change. The rioters in Watts did not gather in a central location, small groups (ranging from two to four individuals up to 2,000 to 3,000 individuals) were dispersed over a wide area. Chief William Henry Parker 3rd of the Los Angeles Police Department summed up his frustrations when he said, "This is not a riot, it's guerrilla warfare!"

NUMEROUS studies of these riots have shown that the precipitating factor in most cases has been overly harsh police response to illegal activity. The Harlem riot, for example, began when an off-duty policeman was forced to shoot a sixteen-year-old Negro youth. The basic police problem, then, is how to control violence without resorting to the use of conventional weapons with their attendant lethality. How, for example, can an outbreak such as Watts be suppressed without resorting to the very force which may lead to intensification of the conflict?

The use of more sophisticated chemical incapacitators than tear gas may provide part of the answer. Tear gas is the standard riot-control weapon in most major police departments. A very small number of departments also maintain stocks of the so-called "super tear gas" and nausea gas. However, there is only one instance of the use of either of the latter two agents. "Super tear gas" was used to disperse a mob at Oxford, Mississippi, when tear gas proved completely ineffective.

We have not been able to identify any major study of the implications of the use of incapacitating agents by law enforcement agencies in the United States. A study of this type represents a definite need for decision-makers who must consider the use of these weapons. Serious studies of the operational and psychopolitical consequences and implications of incapacitant use have been confined primarily to the context of military operations; little attention has been devoted to police use except in counterinsurgency operations. The primary goal of any study, then, would be to determine the technical, operational, and political feasibility of the use of incapacitants in certain law enforcement operations, as an alternative to the more lethal weaponry currently in use. The study would assess the following critical elements:

1) The status of nonlethal chemical weapons, probable developments in the field, and the characteristics of agents appearing to offer the greatest potential for use in law enforcement.

2) The police utility of nonlethal chemical weapons in riot control operations and concepts for their exploitation.

3) The political, sociological, and psychopolitical implications of use of incapacitating weapons based on attitudinal studies of leadership elements in selected communities, together with an indication of probable public opinion.

The three authors of the above paper are members of the scientific staff of the Travelers Research Center, Inc., Hartford, Connecticut. Mr. Fennessy is a research associate in the operations research division, Mr. Russo a research scientist in the mathematical statistics division; Dr. Ellis is deputy director of the mathematical sciences department. As their report indicates, the administration of justice in America involves shamelessly little application of scientific discoveries. Much remains to be done not only in lessening violent police methods but in making the punishment fit the crime, and in choosing parole candidates likely to go straight when they are freed from prison.

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10. Conserving Behavior

By HOLMES WELCH

THE SCIENTIFIC community is accustomed to intervene on behalf of plants and animals in danger of extinction, just as historians and museum directors come to the rescue of art and architecture in danger of destruction or decay. These are accepted aspects of conservation—a field to which governments and international agencies are now allocating increased sums.

I wonder if it will not soon be time to enlarge the scope of the field. I am thinking of something for which few precedents exist: the conservation of social organisms.

In many corners of the world today there are dying tribes and dwindling cults. Some of these, in their own way, may be as precious as the egret, the blue whale, or a museum full of Renaissance art. This is because they embody variant modes of human behavior. Mankind, if it is to find solutions for its problems, needs to know how it can do things differently from the way it is doing them now. It needs data on man's behavior in the continuum of animal behavior.

Because man's behavior (unlike that of animals) has not been an object of conservation thus far, much of the data we have are as extinct as the groups on which they were collected. The behavioral sciences have developed new questions and techniques, but the people to whom they might have been applied no longer exist. Whatever we want to know about, say, Yana Indians or Shaker ritual has to be found in books, which are a poor substitute for the living social organism. From books we can learn a great deal about how things used to be done, but we cannot learn how to do them ourselves. The traditions are dead.

Let me illustrate this point from my own work, which for several years has been the study of Chinese monasticism. In *The Practice of Chinese Buddhism, 1900-1950,* a book just published by Harvard University Press, I have given a detailed picture of all aspects—even the most intimate—of daily life in the large Buddhist monasteries of modern China. These monasteries were not in the state of decay that missionaries have led us to believe. They were vigorous institutions, which served Chinese society in unexpected ways. Moreover, they were one of the social organisms that had had the longest continuous existence. Within them had developed procedures for transmission and self-perpetuation that are of interest to the sociologist, techniques of mental reorientation that are of interest to the psychologist, systems of personnel and administration that are of interest to the political scientist, and many other things of interest to the orientalist and to the specialist in comparative religion.

Because of Communist suppression on the mainland and the problems of exile overseas, there is not one large Chinese monastery left in operation anywhere in the world; not one meditation hall; not one monastic school; not one mountain where large numbers of pilgrims can stay. Secularization is sweeping the remnants of Chinese Buddhism into the dustbin of history.

Now this need not be. In the diaspora are still a large number of monks who were part of the monastic system in China before 1950 and could recreate a viable sample of it, if they got appropriate help. By "sample" I mean an actual monastery with all its departments —staffed with traditionally oriented monks, operated in the traditional way, and located in its native habitat. If it were built, for example, in the mountains of central Taiwan, it would soon become self-supporting, both as a place of pilgrimage and as an object of devotion and pride on the part of the population of the island. More important than this, it would attract new recruits, so that Chinese monasticism, instead of becoming extinct, would be preserved for future study. That is, along with the pilgrims and student monks could come a few scholars and social scientists—not in disguise, but openly and sincerely there in order to learn. Eating vegetarian food, attending devotions, classes, and so on, they would observe Chinese Buddhism from the inside, as a living religion, and to some extent they would become a part of it. This would enable them to interpret with greater insight—and sometimes to correct—the documentary sources on which they have hitherto depended and on which they will always have to depend unless conservation is undertaken.

THE cost of conservation in this case would run about half a million dollars—probably a good deal less than has been spent to save the Indian lion. Could anything similar be attempted for other social organisms that are about to become extinct?

Monastic society lends itself particularly well to conservation. The conservation of a tribal society seems much more difficult and raises an ethical question: Is it right to abstain from the modernization of any group of human beings? May

"You know what I think? I think you're emerging just to get away from me."

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a government withhold schools and hospitals, and stand in the way of Coca-Cola, bras, and outboard motors?

That is hard to answer, but an appropriate counter question might be: Is it right to expose a successful (though premodern) society to the trauma of adaptation when we have seen so many unhappy results? Should we relentlessly eliminate differences until mankind is reduced to an ultimate dull uniformity from pole to pole?

Perhaps we should discriminate and undertake the conservation of social organisms (tribal, religious, or otherwise) that have the following characteristics. First, they must be naturally isolated or self-isolating. Second, they must embody variant modes of human behavior—alternative solutions to the problem of how men cope with each other and themselves. Third, these solutions must be successful: Objectively speaking, they must have proved themselves by self-perpetuation; subjectively speaking, they must make people happy.

In such a case governments and international agencies might consider it worthwhile to reinforce the isolation, to preserve the environment, and to support the tradition. For example, airlines that wanted to open up the region for tourism would be denied a franchise. Corporations would not be allowed to exploit the natural resources on which the society in question depended. Rather than schoolteachers and missionaries sent in to persuade people of their backwardness, the only outsider allowed in the area would be the occasional anthropologist, interested in traditional rites and norms.

Reportedly there are already administrators in Melanesia who are trying to insulate certain remote villages—thus making one of the first efforts at ethological conservation. But for many societies it is too late. A century ago, for example, the Tasmanians were hunted down like passenger pigeons until not one survived. Today only scattered groups of Mayans remain, half Christianized, to voice the last whisper of a great culture. In the United States our Indian tribes huddle in reservations that are fought over between Congressional lobbies and the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

Konrad Lorenz, in his recent book *On Aggression*, wrote: "Natural selection determined the evolution of cultures in the same manner as it did that of species." In other words, every element of every culture exists because it has proved useful. Whether it is a custom, a rite, or a superstition, it cannot be assumed to serve no function, and until we understand its function, we should consider the possibility of trying to preserve it in the living social organism where it belongs.

Holmes Welch is on the staff of the East Asian Research Center, Harvard University.

A FOOTNOTE ON THE HEART

FOR MANY YEARS, surgeons were unable to operate successfully on the interior of the heart in spite of frequent need to do so. Then, in the 1950s, with the development of the heart-lung machine—a mechanical device which substitutes temporarily for the heart and lungs—the procedure known as open-heart surgery became feasible.

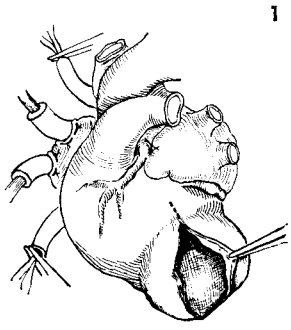
At first, open-heart surgery was used to correct congenital heart abnormalities in children. In recent years, however, surgeons have begun to use the procedure in adults to repair damaged valves due to rheumatic fever and other abnormalities caused by heart attacks.

The successful use of open-heart surgery following a heart attack was dramatically demonstrated recently at the University of Chicago Hospitals and Clinics. Surgeons in the university's section of thoracic and cardiovascular surgery undertook surgical repair of two damaged areas in the heart of a seventy-six-year-old patient. The double defect was in itself highly unusual, and the patient is believed to be the oldest ever to have had open-heart surgery. Without the operation, physicians felt the patient could not survive, and even with the operation, his chances for survival were rated at only 20 per cent.

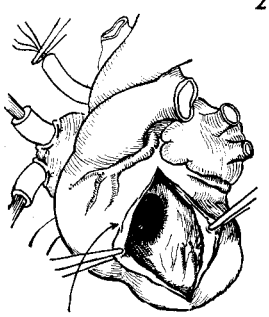
Three days after the operation, however, the patient was completely conscious for the first time in six weeks, and two and a half weeks later he was released from the hospital. The surgeons say that his excellent recovery will undoubtedly encourage more extensive use of open-heart surgery in older patients, where the complications of coronary artery disease are generally considered a hopeless medical problem today.

Details of the operation are shown in the accompanying diagrams. Initially surgeons opened the heart at an aneurysm (ballooning out) of the outer wall (1). This revealed an opening, or defect, in the inner wall of the heart (2). The opening was sewed (3), the damaged tissue of the aneurysm was removed (4), and the heart was reconstructed (5). While these steps were being taken, the patient was on the heart-lung machine for thirty minutes. The entire surgical procedure took three hours and ten minutes.

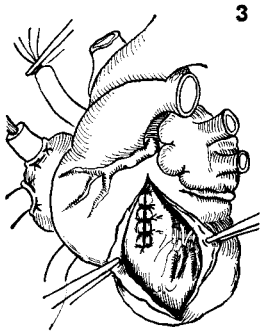
—from University of Chicago Reports.



OPENING THE HEART



...REVEALS A DEFECT



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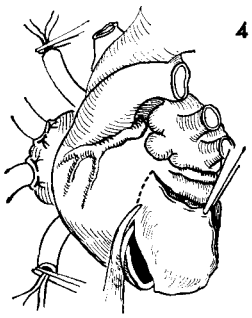

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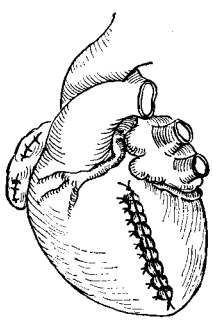

..AND THE HEART RECONSTRUCTED.

—Sketches by Dr. Lawrence A. Krames.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 34

trol and the voice, showing the singer, beat for beat, in his own hoarse voice, the correct pronunciation and breathing. Hence the infinite pains he took so that everything should be done simply and naturally. . . . If this is not directing, and great directing, what is?"

There was also much that was pertinent in the observations of Antonino Votto, now a senior conductor at La Scala, who, as a young assistant to Toscanini all during the Twenties, participated in his preparation of thirty operas, including seven world premieres. But of all the voices that were raised during the *Convegno,* those with the greatest zest, intensity, and personal involvement belonged, naturally enough, to those who proudly called themselves *Cantanti di Toscanini.* These, they were at pains to spell out, did not mean merely singers who had performed at one time or another with "him." There were hundreds of those. The *Cantanti di Toscanini* were members of the elite who performed with him repeatedly, who were part of plans he evolved—indeed, in some instances, were the genesis of the plans themselves. Included among those assembled in the Salone dei Dugento (the ceremonial Council Hall) in the Palazzo Vecchio were the seventy-seven-year-old Mariano Stabile, greatest Falstaff of the century; sopranos Toti Dal Monte, Mafalda Favero, and Rosetta Pampanini; and basso Tancredi Pasero. (Stabile, Favero, and Pasero were selected to perform on the emotional occasion of May 11, 1946, when the reborn Scala was consecrated under Toscanini's direction.)

The memories, unfailingly, were of hard work and tough demands, of high standards and inflexible requirements. But as they were the ones who survived to become celebrities, their memories were tinged with warmth, affection, and pride. All had made their Scala debuts under Toscanini in the golden seasons of the Twenties, and each had a choice story of the events leading up to that debut.

With Stabile it was a tale of auditioning practically the whole role of Falstaff (he was then thirty-three) and Toscanini commenting, "Your Falstaff is too metronomical." To this Stabile made bold to reply, "I was not performing for you, Maestro, I wanted to show only that I knew the part." Toscanini's "Tomorrow we go to work" was a prelude to weeks of intensive private effort in the Maestro's home on Via Durini. With patient understanding, Toscanini showed him everything he had learned in his association with *Falstaff* since the day of its premiere. Included, mentioned Stabile, were "the notes that Maurel himself couldn't sing"—illustrating his point with a skipping facility (at nearly eighty) that made all those present gape. "What more can I say?" queried Stabile by way of summation. "He opened my eyes to what it is to be an artist, and I lived that knowledge from then on."

Quite the most engaging moment of the five days of talking and listening came when Votto, to illustrate a point, put on a privately circulated record containing excerpts from Toscanini rehearsals with the NBC Symphony. As the hoarse voice some had not heard for decades cut the air, smiles of recognition and pleasure creased the faces of the singers. As the verbal expatiation turned into the typically rough explication of the musical line sung with Toscanini's rasping likeness of vocal tone, one nudged the other. Favero, who made her debut at La Scala singing Eva in an Italian *Meistersinger* directed by Toscanini, cringed as the top note came out half a tone flat. "Just like a conductor," they seemed to be saying, "he never could sing." But *what a conductor,* these *Cantanti di Toscanini* reverently agreed. They should know. They lived his artistic triumphs with him.

When the proceedings of the *Convegno,* all of which were tape recorded, are transcribed, translated, and reproduced in printed form, the contents should add mightily to the lore of this subject. But I doubt that any sharp, succinct, or precise definition of what made Toscanini great will emerge. He was the embodiment of a vital force, and that is no more subject to definition than life itself.

—Irving Kolodin.

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(Continued on page 54)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 53)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1734

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Acted as arbitrator.	27 158 32 107 37 213 147 198
B. Casual.	214 9 76 47 120 61 69
C. Cyme with all the flowers on one side of the rachis, usually causing it to curl.	1 135 118 102 38 129 55
D. Decorate.	19 111 114 20 169 140 208 57 44
E. Part of the Plantagenets' route to the royal forests, still used in Hyde Park, London (2 wds.)	105 85 188 215 34 154 200 175 65
F. What balances the woofer.	62 43 172 217 187 149 159
G. Prophetic song of the robin (2 wds.)	148 179 197 39 72 71 124
H. Science of refrigeration.	41 176 92 167 203 2 91 25 123 160
I. Pain in the hip.	46 115 162 142 75 106 23 81
J. "Time marches on."	127 108 152 36 202 18
K. Roof tile of Roman antiquity.	201 30 185 67 54 86
L. Somebody whom everyone helped in *Isaiah* xli, 6.	183 16 112 150 63 26 156 82
M. Most tanned by the sun.	204 83 53 209 163 192 59 211
N. Every such, said Matthew, shall have abundance (3 wds.)	8 78 64 99 11 151 134 216 126 109 212
O. The physical science which treats of echoes.	174 4 10 122 113 66 96 164 194 28 88 144
P. One thing that flourished in the Age of Chivalry.	171 17 178 210 98 145 100 52 205 133
Q. Describing that "linsy-woolsy brother, half of one order, half another" told of in *Hudibras*.	130 101 157 91 42 136 173
R. Quality which Iago said he lacked "sometimes to do me service."	193 166 170 21 5 87 207 121
S. One of the *institutions* which Fred Vinson contrasted with "acts of God" in a famous speech at Arlington Cemetery (2 wds., one comp.)	119 89 40 14 138 79 131 68 199 168
T. Lacking in respect.	77 137 80 45 95 29 6
U. Great plea for patience, first pronounced in a *Fragment* from Sophocles (3 wds.)	58 182 15 161 48 73 103 189 35 93 24 139
V. Use of words with pleasing acoustic effect.	12 125 177 146 153 94 56 206 116
W. Resulting from lying down.	33 49 3 22 117 13 165 104 128
X. One characteristic of an interesting, much admired, great American bird, almost extinct.	141 195 186 110 155 60 51 97
Y. Roused from sleep or lethargy.	184 70 132 50 7 180 196 84
Z. What the bride wore in her hair at her church wedding, so that she could "look nice for the reception afterward" — as she explained to her friends.	218 31 74 90 190 143 181

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 C	2 H	3 W	4 O	5 R	6 T	7 Y		8 N	9 B		10 O	11 N	12 V							
	13 W	14 S	15 U	16 L	17 P	18 J	19 D		20 D	21 R	22 W	23 I	24 U	25 H	26 L	27 A	28 O							
29 T	30 K		31 Z	32 A		33 W	34 E	35 U	36 J	37 A	38 C	39 G	40 S	41 H	42 Q		43 F							
44 D	45 T	46 I	47 B		48 U	49 W		50 Y	51 X	52 P	53 M		54 K	55 C	56 V	57 D	58 U							
59 M		60 X	61 B		62 F	63 L	64 N		65 E	66 O	67 K	68 S	69 B		70 Y	71 G								
72 G	73 U	74 Z	75 I		76 B	77 T	78 N	79 S		80 T	81 I	82 L	83 M	84 Y	85 E	86 K	87 R							
88 O	89 S	90 Z	91 Q	92 H		93 U	94 V	95 T	96 O	97 X	98 P		99 N	100 P	101 Q	102 C								
103 U	104 W	105 E	106 I	107 A		108 J	109 N	110 X	111 D	112 L	113 O		114 D	115 I	116 V	117 W	118 C							
	119 S	120 B	121 R		122 Q	123 H	124 G	125 V	126 N	127 J	128 W	129 C		130 Q	131 S	132 Y	133 P							
	134 N	135 C		136 Q	137 T	138 S	139 U	140 D		141 X	142 I	143 Z	144 O		145 P	146 V	147 A							
	148 G	149 F	150 L	151 N	152 J	153 V	154 E		155 X	156 L	157 Q	158 A	159 F	160 H		161 U	162 I							
163 M	164 O	165 W		166 R	167 H	168 S		169 D	170 R	171 P	172 F		173 Q	174 O	175 E	176 H	177 V							
178 P	179 G	180 Y	181 Z		182 U	183 L		184 Y		185 K	186 X	187 F	188 E	189 U	190 Z		191 H							
192 M	193 R	194 O	195 X	196 Y	197 G		198 A	199 S	200 E	201 K	202 J	203 H		204 M	205 P		206 V							
207 R	208 D	209 M	210 P		211 M	212 N	213 A		214 B	215 E	216 N	217 F	218 Z											

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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"Sure they save money, but I wouldn't take a long trip in one."

Most people won't really go anywhere in small foreign cars if they can help it.

They're supposed to be easy on the wallet, but not too easy on anything else.

They have hard seats, noisy engines, and slightly punishing suspension. After a couple of hours from home, you start wishing you hadn't left.

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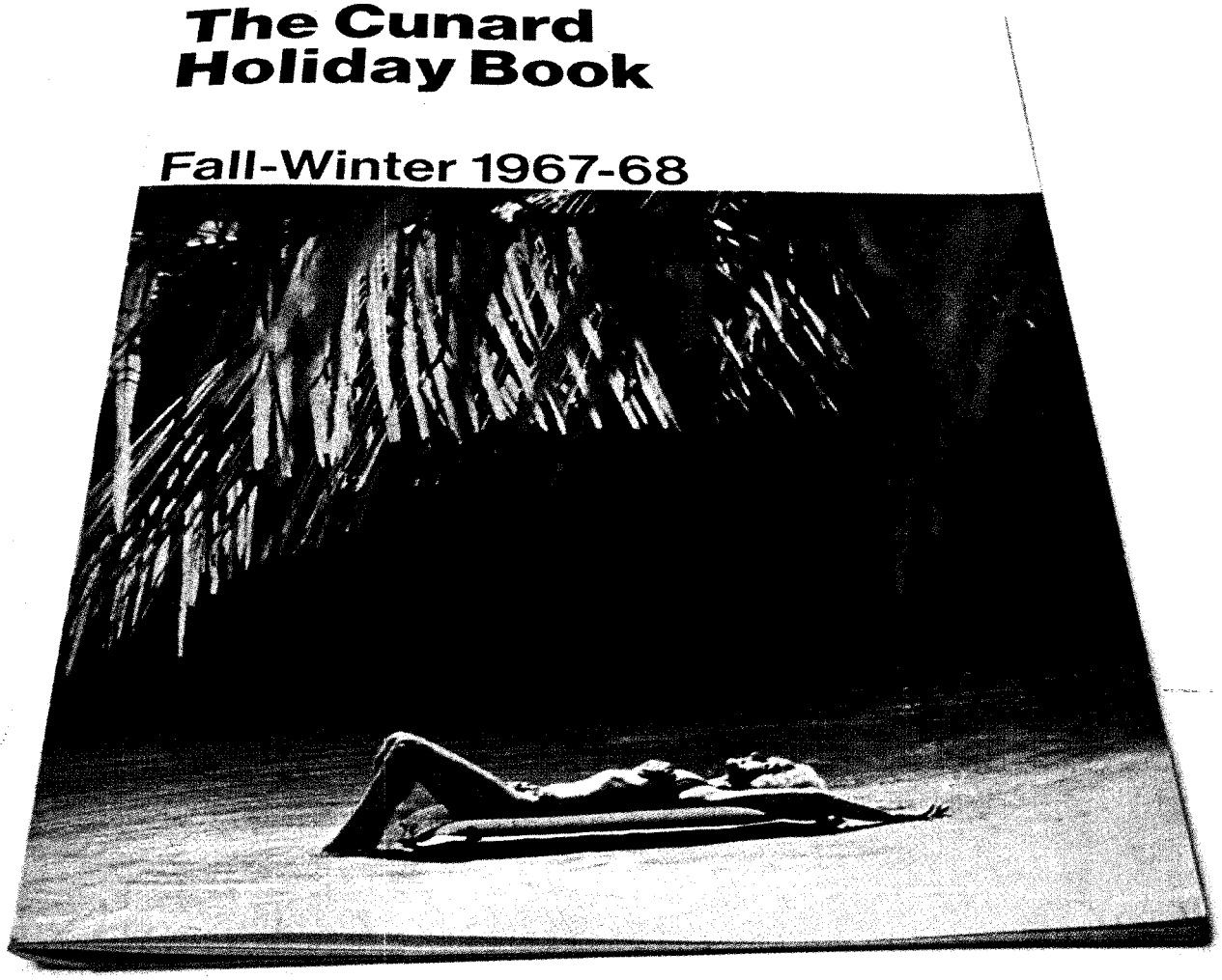

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